October 8, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Great Abduction

a novel by

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Cover by Robert O. Reid

Oct. 8, 1932

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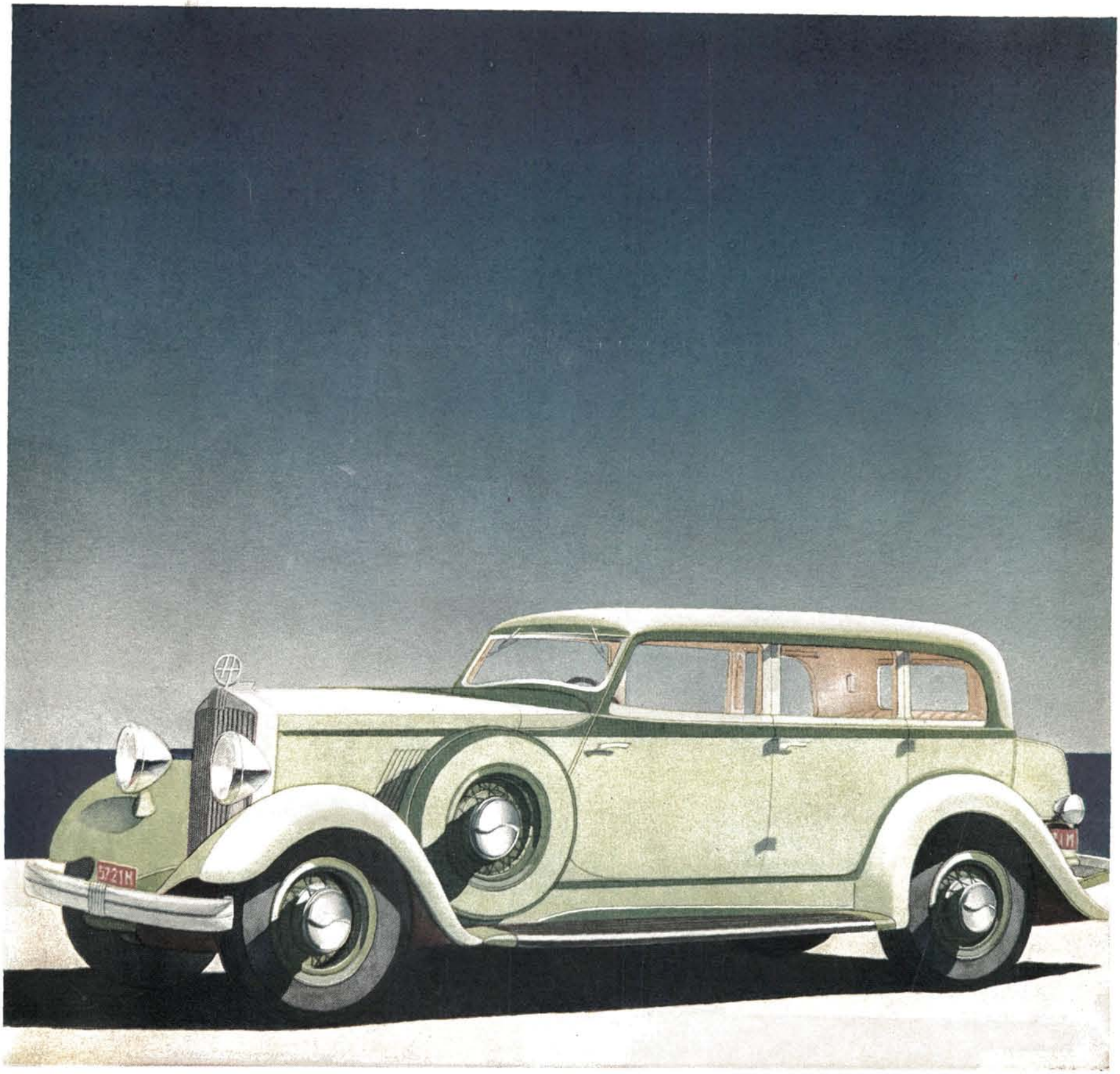
HUPMOBILE • THE CAR OF THE CAREFUL INVESTOR



Hupmobile Eight (Series 222) 5-Passenger Sedan . . . $1295 (Standard Equipped) at the Factory

We are frequently asked why comparatively few Hupmobiles are listed in used-car advertisements. The situation is probably without parallel. The explanation is interesting and important. Most automobile dealers have "Hupmobile waiting lists." Knowing exactly where used Hupmobiles can be resold, these dealers do not need to advertise them. Such marked preference can come from only one source—recognition of performance, dependability, and all-around ruggedness that years of use cannot impair, and of style so true that it stays in. Naturally, this favorable attitude of discriminating used-car purchasers contributes immeasurably to Hupmobile's reputation as "the car of the careful investor."

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THIS ANTISEPTIC TO KILL GERMS

It is true that Listerine Tooth Paste will cleanse your teeth thoroughly and give them a marvelous brilliance and luster. It is true also that it will remove germs from gum and tooth surfaces.

But Science now says that such treatment is not sufficient to combat tooth decay properly.

After such cleansing, the gums and teeth should be rinsed with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, because dental authorities have now found that the lactobacillus germ causes tooth decay. Listerine is fatal to this germ, as it is to all others.

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Then you know that you are killing the germs which cause tooth trouble and at the same time you are cleansing the mouth and rendering the breath sweet and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Brush with Listerine Tooth Paste . 25¢ . . .

follow with Listerine Antiseptic

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Collier's

Next Week

TWO THOUSAND delegates and alternates had met to pick a President; seven hundred newspaper men and twenty thousand spectators had come to watch them; but the outcome depended, finally, on a red-haired woman.

She was Scott McCord's ex-wife. She had left him four years before because he had refused to leave Blainesville. But when they saw each other at the convention something stupendous, irresistible drew them together. Against that force the orders of the Boss—the man who was going to make McCord President some day—were powerless.

In a dramatic short story Elmer Davis tells you what happened "At the Night Session."

AT the last Disarmament Conference certain instruments of war were nominated for oblivion. They were weapons that nobody loves, nonselective weapons whose very existence is a threat to the lives of women and children. And yet no definite agreement was reached.

Why?

Well, because although everyone condemns their use for offense everyone persists in keeping these weapons for defense. But the best defense, say the army men of all countries, is to attack. And so the greatest danger to the world today lies in the interpretation of the word "defense." That word is capable of unloosing a plague of scorpion weapons that spread devastation and death with scientific impartiality. Mr. William G. Shepherd tells you about them in "Murder for Defense."

UNDER the old vine trellis outside the *osteria* in Naples, Carlo used to make love to Pettina to an accompaniment of guitars playing Funiculi-Funicula. But that was a long time ago. Pettina has had three husbands since then (all of whom died from digestive disorders) and she is now her Serene Transparency Countess Wilhelm von-amzu-und-bei Veikesberg. Carlo is chef-de-restaurant at the Hotel Fantastic. The story of their fateful meeting is told by Gilbert Frankau in "But Not for Love."

THE surprise of the week is a bulletin from Archie, the Free Verse Cockroach, who with Mehitabel, the cat, is hitch-hiking back from Hollywood. They and the Old Soak, under the personal direction of Don Marquis, will appear next week.

WILLIAM MacHARG, Alan Le May, W. B. Courtney, Arthur Somers Roche, Benny Friedman, Henry Meade Williams, Edgar Wallace and Clinton W. Gilbert carry on with zest and vigor. It's a galaxy.

This Week

●

October 8, 1932

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

The Great Abduction, Part I. **A brilliant and daring new serial. Page 7**

LEONA DALRYMPLE

The Amateur Husband. **He tried to act like a professional. Page 10**

OWEN P. WHITE

Helping the Farmer Out. **How the land banks made good—at everyone's expense. Page 12**

JOHN B. KENNEDY

Broadway Knight. **George M. Cohan capitulates to the talkies. Page 14**

JOHN T. FLYNN

Something for Nothing. **New rackets for old—but the language is the same. Page 15**

EDWARD L. McKENNA

Water-Front Irish. **You're right: it's a fight story—and it's more besides. Page 16**

RUTH BURR SANBORN

A Perfect Scream. **Romance that blossomed in a whisper and reached its climax in a shriek. Page 18**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

A Question of Time, **by James Hopper. Page 20**

EDGAR WALLACE

The Frightened Lady, Part IX. **Lady Lebanon commands. Page 21**

ARTIE McGOVERN

Women Are Never Satisfied. **Maybe that's their charm. Page 22**

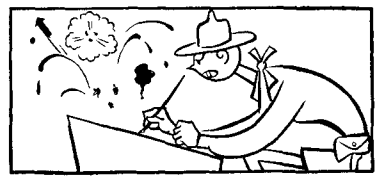
THE "WRITE YOUR OWN" AWARDS Page 40

EDITORIALS Page 50

●

Any Week

"MUCH, much too little attention is being paid to Mr. Henry J. Allen, the Kansas journalist and master of the Hoover ballyhoo," complains Mrs. Julia Mulroyd of Chicago, Illinois. "He can take a downright Republican disaster and make it prove what he has been contending all along—that the people are not only well pleased with the Administration, but are frothy with love for the President. They tell me that business in Mr. Allen's rah-rah headquarters opens every morning with a round of applause, during which (by mere coincidence, of course) Mr. Allen enters."



WE like to think that it was indignation that caused the several vigorous blots on this letter from First Class Scout Jerry L. Posner of Wheeling, West Virginia. Anyway, young Mr. Posner is irate in his denunciation of Senator George H. Moses of New Hampshire who, he says, has no right to refer to Governor Roosevelt as "the Boy Scout candidate."

"We demand," he writes, "that we be left out of this political mess. Moreover" (large blot), "what's wrong with being a Boy Scout? If we, the Scouts, were to refer to Senator Moses or any other member of Congress as 'the ward-heeler' we would get the dickens from our elders. So I suggest that Senator Moses explain himself." (Three very mean blots.)

MR. THOMAS D. SMITH of Jacksonville, Florida, reports something that we have been suspecting for some time. He says that he was finally argued into trying one of those ten-cent cafeterias the newspapers have been publicizing for the past year or so. "I tell you it was nothing short of astonishing," writes Mr. Smith. "You would never guess what I got for ten cents. So I'll tell you. It was something less than ten cents' worth of ruined food that hadn't far to go in the first place."

IT'S a bit of a mystery but letters from California still appear in explanation of that state's decision to get along somehow without Senator Shortridge. They all agree, however, that California will probably survive.

TOO much of politics here to suit us. But what can we do when our correspondents refuse to write about anything else—not that we blame them much. Here's Mrs. Nona H. Jastho of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, crying that "owing to Governor Roosevelt's inability to lead the party that nominated him, all of his foremost Democrats are being kidnapped by President Hoover. There is Owen D. Young advising the President on this latest industrial council, and Newton D. Baker suggested as head of the Administration's unemployment relief work for the coming winter. I wouldn't be at all surprised if the President drafted Al Smith for some important job soon or to see the celebrated "forgotten man" appointed Minister to Canada or Governor-General of Alaska or the Virgin Islands."

"AND what are you kicking about?" demands Mr. Sam Coffy of Denver, Colorado. "The only candidate who is talking logically and thinking clearly is Norman Thomas, and you know as well as I that he hasn't a chance. Of course, he may know it, too, which explains everything."

THESE, thinks Mr. Lyn T. Hardcastle of Sioux City, Iowa, are no days for the kind-hearted. "There is a man out this way who started 1930 without a horse or a mule and now has ten. Didn't cost him a cent, either. Their owners turned them loose on various neighbors who promptly notified them to take them home or they, the neighbors, would turn the animals over to the police. Inasmuch as the police were liable to sell the animals off as vagrants, the owners tried elsewhere until they found this tender-hearted man I'm speaking of. Now he has a stable full of horses and mules which will not be claimed by their owners until times get better."

DR. COLMAN DEWEES of Charleston, South Carolina, asks us to guess "what I have on my back as I write this to you." But we didn't have to guess. In his next paragraph he tells all: "On my back is a fine cotton shirt with pockets on either breast and plenty of tail. All that it cost was the labor of my excellent mother, who got out her old spinning-wheel and loom and made the cloth and then unlimbered her miraculous needle and put it together. She is now working on the pants I need so much. Hurrah for progress."

"AS a last word," writes Mr. George W. Reynor of Mobile, Alabama, "how about 'As idle as a tax collector'?"

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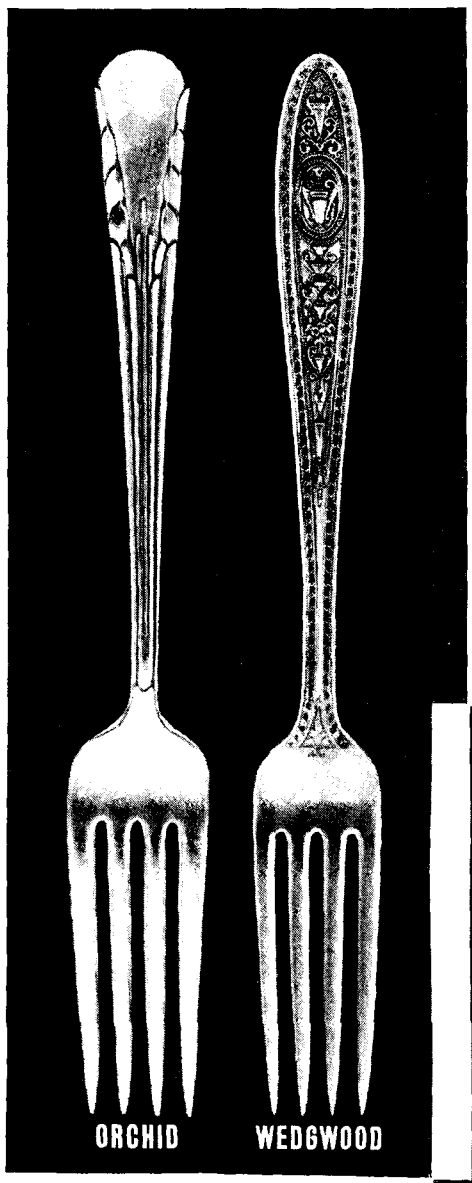

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The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

Beginning a daring and brilliant novel. The romance of an extraordinary girl who moved through sinister byways with high purpose and shining courage

AND that," said Bramer, "is the layout."

His two auditors stared at each other. One of them saw a burly, red-faced man, on whom a thousand manicures and barbers and tailors might work in vain—he would still be an ex-bartender grown prosperous. The other saw a man barely five feet tall, thin almost to emaciation, with sunken eyes that seemed always to hold an angry gleam. His features were delicate, almost womanish. And his clothing was the obvious effort of an undersized man to appear ruggedly masculine—a black-and-white checked suit, heavy tan brogues on his ridiculously tiny feet, and a shirt and tie that screamed to the heavens.

They both finished with their mutual survey, stared at Bramer. An expert in physiognomy, a student of character, would have had difficulty in classifying Bramer. He had the forehead of a scholar, the jaw of a pugilist, the thin lips and nose of a cruel ascetic, the eyes of a dreamer, and the body of an athlete. He was dressed carelessly, yet wore his clothing with distinction.

The red-faced man spoke first.

"*I* think you're crazy," he declared emphatically.

Bramer's thin lips curled mirthlessly. He nodded quietly.

"That's your answer, Grannan," he said. His voice was pleasantly crisp, assured. "Let's hear what DiSalvo has to say."

The tiny man shrugged his heavily padded shoulders.

"I wouldn't call you crazy—never that, Bramer," he said. His voice was harsh, as though he fought for a bass note by speaking against the vocal cords, but he could hardly complete a sentence without a crack in his voice that sounded like the squeak of a mouse. Yet juries never laughed at this discordance.

"Well, if not crazy—what?" asked Bramer.

"Too optimistic," said DiSalvo.

"Can you find a flaw in my plan?" inquired Bramer.

"I have heard men prove, to my complete and utter satisfaction that there is no hereafter," replied the lawyer, "but I still believe. There is no flaw in your plan that I can discover, Bramer. It all sounds plausible, worked out to the last detail. Only—it can't be done. Or, if it's done, it can't be got away with."

"Why not?" demanded Bramer evenly.

"WHY argue with the nut?" cried Grannan. "Be your age, Bramer. It's too hot, and that's all there is to it. *The President of the United States.* There'd be a roar go up that would echo in that hereafter in which DiSalvo believes. It's too *hot!* The Army, the Navy, the secret service, the police—the *people themselves,* Bramer. Every grown person in America would be a working detective and every school kid would be a spy.

"And suppose, for the sake of argument, that the snatch worked. Suppose you got him and parked him. You'd be like the guy that stole the elephant. What are you going to do with him?"

Bramer sighed.

"I thought I'd made it clear. Hold him until we get five million and guarantees of immunity."

"Oh, yeah!" Grannan sneered scornfully. "And what would those guarantees of immunity be worth? The *people*, the men and women in the street, would just swarm over us, Bramer. It wouldn't be a lynching; it would be a blotting-out."

"If our identities were known—yes," admitted Bramer. "But I've explained to you that we'd keep under cover—"

"There's a lot of lads sat in the

Her eyes filled with tears. "I think, Mr. President," she said, "that you are too nice"

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electric chair that knew they were keeping under cover," said Grannan. "And what would you do with the dough—if you ever got it? Every bill's number sent out to the banks—"

"You leave that detail to me," said Bramer. "Have I ever fallen down in anything before?"

"You never gave us a nice, close look at the chair before," said DiSalvo. "There never was a thing, Bramer, where you didn't have alibis, and plenty proof that it was someone else. The newspapers holler what a swell lawyer *I am, and I won't argue with them. I'm* good. But your plans won my cases before I ever went to court. I'm admitting it. But this thing—" his voice rose and cracked—"this is 'way outside bootlegging, or putting some chiseler on a nice warm spot. This—well, I guess it's what Grannan called it—insanity—and you're insane."

"FIVE million dollars," said Bramer softly. "Two million spread around here and there, and three million left for us. One million apiece, DiSalvo. A thousand grand, Grannan."

"And I suppose the Secretary of the Treasury just asks us to hop down to Washington and help ourselves, eh?" demanded DiSalvo. "The government can't connive at crime. It would take an act of Congress to get the money—"

"Brockridge's own fortune is in the millions," said Bramer. "He's got at least two or three himself. His Secretary of War is worth five. His other Cabinet officers are worth thirty or forty between them. There won't be any Congress at all. There'll be half a dozen public-spirited citizens who'll put up the dough in twenty-four hours. I'd like to know why you people think that because a thing is big, it's impossible. The bigger a thing is, the easier it is, usually. And this doesn't get out to the public.

"Do you think Brockridge's family, his secretaries, his subordinates, are going to run screaming to the newspapers that the President has been kidnapped? Use your heads. They'll get the tip to pretend he has a bad cold. We'll be in touch with them half an hour after we've grabbed the big shot. The whole deal will be settled while Brockridge is still in bed with a cold. Why, you dumbbells, don't you *see?* His family, his Cabinet, the leaders of his party—they can't *let* it be known what's happened. Stocks crashing to lows that will make the depression seem like a boom—hell, I'm not going into it any further. Except to ask if you birds think I'd risk my neck on anything but a sure thing.

"I'm making plenty of money. But I'm sick of paying it all out in blackmail to cops and politicians, to chiselers and gunmen and associates. I want one big stake. And I'm going to get it. You birds can come in or stay out. But make up your minds now. Are you with me or not?"

"A million—clear, is money," grunted Grannan.

"It is indeed," piped DiSalvo.

Bramer's thin lips twisted in a grin.

"I thought you'd see it my way," he said. "Now, listen!"

TILLY GENTRY'S gay eyes sparkled with sly mischief.

"On your sleeve, eh, Ken?" she asked.

Meridew colored furiously. He hated this adolescent trait of blushing so easily and instantly. Naïvely he always assured himself that he was not shy, not easily embarrassed, but merely the victim of some trick of defective—or too active—circulation. He had even consulted his physician about it, who had assured him that Meridew's own diagnosis was correct. Later, Dr. Winston had mentioned the matter to his wife.

"Incurable romantic," he had stated.

"Incurable?" Mrs. Winston asked.

"Until he marries," grinned the doctor. "That's the only sure cure for romance. Thinks he's the toughest, hardest-boiled young man that ever dashed about the globe in search of excitement and adventure. Because he can stifle a grin as he listens to a premier or to a general or to a dictator or to a billionaire, he thinks he's the blasé sophisticate. He's been everywhere and seen everything, so he must be old Mr. Worldly Wiseman himself, mustn't he? Instead of which he's just a small boy tossing pebbles at windows. Hard brain and soft heart. The world would be better with more like him. Wants to stop blushing."

"*I* think he's *sweet*," said Mrs. Winston. "And so does every other woman I know."

"Sure. Want to mother him. And now, having violated the confidences of a patient, and thereby done my duty to my wife, will you pour me another cup of coffee?"

"Couldn't you do anything for *him*?" asked Mrs. Winston.

"Only time can age a man," replied the doctor.

"Did you tell him that?" demanded his wife.

The physician grinned.

"Do I look as mean as that, my precious? I told him blushing came from an active mind, and that when he found himself coloring he must relax."

"I sometimes think you're a charlatan," said his wife.

"All wives of physicians come sooner or later to that conclusion," laughed Winston.

MERIDEW tried to relax now. Deliberately he let himself sag in the chair. He wasn't going to let that little devil, Tilly Gentry, ride him. Too smart! Saw everything! If a pretty girl entered the room, Tilly's eyes were sure to be on you, noting the pretty one's effect upon you. And if there was no effect, Tilly could create one by some sly dig.

"On my sleeve?" Elaborately he brushed his arm. "Gone now?" he asked carelessly.

Tilly's eyes were impish now.

"I wasn't speaking of cake crumbs. Your tea manners are impeccable, Kendrick, my lamb. Your heart, Ken, your heart. It broke right through your ribs—do ladies mention ribs these days? *I guess they do; they mention everything else*—it broke right through your ribs, Ken, and there it is now."

Meridew sighed faintly.

"We put up with you, Tilly, because we like your husband. But your humor is certainly forced."

"Oh, is it?" said Tilly tartly. "I suppose you haven't been staring at Myrna Dale ever since she entered the room."

"Don't even know the lady," said Meridew. The quick and furious blush was gone now. It never lasted more than a few seconds.

"She's the girl at whom you've been staring, Ken," laughed Tilly. "I mean the smashing beauty."

"Which one?" asked Meridew.

"Ever gallant," smiled Tilly. "I mean the one you think is the one I mean."

Meridew smiled now. His anger—it had been at himself, not at Mrs. Gentry—had vanished now.

"I give in, Tilly. I'll bet Jack leads a pure life. Being married to a mind-reader makes a man careful, doesn't it?"

"And my charms make him ardent," said Tilly, "so between the mind and the charms he is content. And you don't know Myrna Dale?"

"Should I?" asked Meridew.

Tilly pursed her pretty lips.

"N-no—and yes. Anyone who runs up and down the map the way you do ought to have met Myrna somewhere or other. On the other hand, Myrna rather avoids the sort of people you know."

"Then she can't know many people," laughed Meridew. "I know all sorts."

"I know—politicians, bankers, and the likes of them. But Myrna—she *knows* everyone, Ken, but—doesn't see them. I'm flattered beyond words that she came way out here on Long Island to take tea with me."

Illustrated by John Gannam

"We put up with you, Tilly, because we like your husband. But your humor is certainly forced"

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"Where does she live?" asked Meridew.

"Paris, Rome—just now she's acquired a *pied-à-terre* in New York. Imagine! She settles down in New York in the middle of the summer. You'd expect her to be in her house at Cannes, but no—July finds her in Manhattan. I ran into her on Fifth Avenue the other day. Hadn't seen her for a year. Asked her out for a week-end, and was happy enough to get her for tea. Funny, though, that you never met her. Haven't you heard of her, even?"

MERIDEW shook his head. The subject of their discussion was now accepting a cup of tea from pompous old Phil Yarnall, and Meridew could have recited the ponderous compliments which he knew the dull Phil was pouring into Miss Dale's ears. Three generations had listened to those compliments which hadn't varied in forty years.

But he might have been the dashing beau that rumor said he was fifty years ago, judging from Myrna Dale's amused smile.

Darned nice of her, Ken thought. Most of the hard-boiled girls he knew gave old Phil a wide berth, or, if they were cornered, were downright rude to the old bore. But this girl was not merely civil; she was cordial, enthusiastic. A rare thing among girls nowadays, enthusiasm. They accepted everything as their due, and the only excitement they ever showed was when a partner revoked.

Enthusiasm! It was a gorgeous trait. Even this girl, lovely as she was in repose, added measurably to her beauty by the warmth of her manner. When she smiled, she didn't merely show her white teeth; something happened to her eyes, and even from across the room one was conscious of their gayety.

He couldn't tell, at this distance, whether they were dark blue or black. He hoped they were black. Black eyes and black hair went so gorgeously together, especially when a girl had fair skin. She certainly was a beauty. He liked the way her straight hair was parted on one side; he liked the way it curled gently upward at the back of her neck. He liked the straight nose, and the curve of her lips. And her figure, as well as he could judge in the deceptively simple summer frock she wore, was perfect.

All the physical qualifications of a siren, yet there was something earnest about the whole face that lifted her above that cheap classification.

He hadn't been able to take his eyes from her since she entered the Gentry living-room. He had watched her greet her hostess, and had attached himself to Tilly as soon as the girl left her. He wasn't going to say a word, but Tilly would, naturally, present him, and then . . .

"But you certainly knew of her father," said Tilly. Her voice brought Meridew back to the realization that he was sitting beside his hostess.

"What was his name?" he asked.

"Simeon Dale. You must remember—I keep forgetting, Ken, that you're a mere infant of twenty-eight. You were only fourteen when the war ended, and I suppose a school football victory meant more than the Armistice."

"Not as bad as that, Tilly," he laughed. "And I *do* remember old Dale. Pacifist, wasn't he? An old bugaboo who was held up to us kids as a horrible example and—"

"I'm thirty-five," said Tilly Gentry, "and I remember things better. Simeon Dale was a pacifist, yes. He fought against all war. And because of that a lot of unthinking people followed the lead of a lot of unthinking newspapers and condemned him. But when we entered the war, Ken, he did all that a man could do for his country. He established convalescent hospitals, joined up with the Y. M. C. A.—he was too old to get in the Army—was decorated by Joffre and Pershing—and was killed in a bombing raid as he was handing out coffee and doughnuts to the soldiers. Pacifist, yes. But great patriot, also.

"We were pretty cruel, in those days, Ken, to people who didn't see exactly eye to eye with us. But the government realized how unjustly the press had treated old Simeon, and he was given military honors at his funeral—well, that was Myrna's father. And I hope that she remembers only the honors, and that no one has ever told her of the derision and hatred that that grand old man endured."

MERIDEW looked with new respect at his hostess. He had known her casually for years, as a young bachelor knows a popular hostess, but he had not considered her capable of such intensity of feeling.

"Mother alive?" he asked, more to keep the conversational ball rolling than because of real interest in the reply.

"Orphan. Mrs. Dale broke down under the storm of abuse of her husband. An aunt acted as her guardian until she came of age. That was four years ago—Myrna is twenty-five now—and since then the girl has done about as she pleases, I imagine. And why not? Imagine, in these days of depression, having your whole fortune tied up in government bonds!"

A servant took advantage of Mrs. Gentry's pause for breath to lean over and whisper something to her. The hostess arose.

"Bother," she said. "Domestic details, Ken. Back in a moment. But for heaven's sake don't be polite to me too long. Remember that a bachelor's duty is to circulate."

BUT Meridew disobeyed her injunction to "circulate." He had come out to Tilly Gentry's for one specific purpose; he wanted to see and meet and if possible have a talk with President Brockridge. The men and women here were all nice and amiable and made good bridge partners or sturdy opponents at golf or tennis, but he didn't want to talk to them today.

Except for the Dale girl. Frankly, he'd not expected to find anyone like that at Tilly Gentry's tea. But then, that wasn't fair to Tilly. One couldn't expect to find a Myrna Dale at anybody's tea.

Now that Tilly's sharp eyes were gone, he could discreetly study the girl. Old Phil Yarnall had been edged away from her now by Mortie Disston. She was charming that young gallant as easily as she had bewitched the older beau.

Funny that he didn't know her, and funnier still that he had never heard of her. If she had a house at Cannes . . . she must know the Tollisses, the Barneys, the Mitchells. . . . If she knew Tilly Gentry, she knew everyone. At least, there was no reason why she shouldn't. People who were asked to Tilly's house were asked everywhere.

Young, lovely, and—he had gathered—rich, why hadn't he heard of her, why hadn't he met her?

Then he smiled at his own conceit. After all, what a snobbery it was to say that one knew everyone. By the mere statement one eliminated a billion people from existence, really. At the most, one could know only a few thousand, yet one blandly assumed that those few thousand were the only real people in the world.

"She knows everyone." How often he had heard that statement. And all the statement meant was that the "she" had the entrée to the houses of a few people who, because they possessed wealth, smugly ignored all the world save their own intimates.

Yet, granting his own conceit and possible snobbery, it was strange that he and Myrna Dale had never met. What sort of life did she lead? She knew the fashionables and yet, apparently, would have none of them. But she was here today, and it would be hard to find a more fashionable house in America.

But when she wasn't paying a rare call at a place like this, what did she do with herself? She was friendly and amiable. Those things were obvious. She could, if she wanted to, attract about her any number of people. But apparently she didn't choose to.

But why not? What other interests did she have that made her disdain—or at least ignore—the life and people that should have been natural to her?

She was worth knowing. Aside from her looks, aside from the oddly earnest expression on her face, the mere fact that she elected to live differently was interesting.

Well, he had waited long enough to meet her. Tilly had not yet returned, but there were a dozen women here who would perform the introduction. He looked about for the one whom he would choose.

He rose from his chair, with the intention of asking Mrs. Siddon to present him. And as he rose, Mortie Disston, across the room, also rose. Quite obviously, he was about to perform some little errand for Miss Dale. For the first time Meridew met her eyes. And she smiled instantly and invitingly.

Hang introductions! Being in the same room was introduction enough. He walked across the room to her.

A YARD from her he paused. He felt that hateful color surge across his cheeks. After all, she might have smiled at someone behind him. She might think it a terrific impertinence for him to barge right in on her. . . .

But she was still smiling and was holding out to him a slim hand.

"You're Kendrick Meridew, aren't you?" she was saying. "And now that you've come so far, don't turn back. I *did* smile at you, and I *did* want you to come over here."

He grinned at her.

"You're the second mind-reader I've met today," he said.

"One doesn't need to be a mind-reader to guess your hesitation," she laughed. "I'm Myrna Dale. And I wanted to talk to you, and you were evidently going to be quite formal about meeting me—if you ever did ask to be presented—did you?"

"I hadn't. But I was just going to," he said.

"That," she said, "is not completely satisfactory, but it will have to do, I suppose. And I hadn't asked to meet you, but I was going to ask someone to bring you up, and then decided that if I couldn't smile you over here, you probably wouldn't be worth meeting anyway. Am I too outrageously flirtatious, Mr. Meridew?"

"I don't think you're flirtatious at all," he replied.

"Then you are worth meeting," she declared. "Are you flirtatious?"

"I haven't been—up to now," he stated.

Her eyes—gratefully he perceived that they were black—lighted with merriment.

"That is most properly said," she told him. "I hate men who flirt, but I despise men who don't want to flirt. And worst of all are the men who don't want to, but do because they think it's a duty. And am I being too bold, do you think, Mr. Meridew?"

He had a moment of keen perspicacity.

"If you are, you are being it deliberately, Miss Dale."

"And why should I be histrionic for you, Mr. Meridew?"

"That, of course, I cannot answer," he replied.

"Yet you guessed that I was. Would you care to take me out on the lawn?"

(Continued on page 26)

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The Amateur Husband

Mary's architect discovers there's no blueprint for marriage

By Leona Dalrymple

KENNETH MALLORY, on the eve of his marriage to old Dr. Pennington's granddaughter, Mary, not only had a job; he was likely to keep it. This was the opinion of his employers, who were successful metropolitan architects. Young Mr. Mallory, it was conceded, had ideas and foresight.

Ken met Mary Pennington at a summer log cabin on a still, blue lake. The cabin belonged to his cousin, Hugh Mallory, and Ken arrived for the week-end on the 2:56, Saturday afternoon. Eventually, in spotless flannels, he went out to look at the lake.

The lake, ten feet from Hugh's dock, had lost all its stillness. It was supporting a brilliant scarlet cap, a wet, tanned gypsy face with healthy scarlet lips and cheeks and a pair of brown eyes which examined with interest Mr. Mallory's clean-cut darkness and intelligent blue eyes.

"You're Ken Mallory, of course," the head called. "Wait for me and we'll drip in together and be introduced."

What emerged after the head slightly staggered Mr. Mallory, who had been unaware until then that the male mind can successfully blend intemperate admiration and a pang of disapproval. There was very little suit, a great deal of smooth, graceful tan and an attitude of wholesome impersonality. Ken feared she was modern.

HE WAS not immediately introduced, for Miss Pennington was thrown out of the cabin, two leaps ahead of a bath towel, and told to be her age. Later she came down to dinner in ruffles down to her feet, looking like a Civil War belle of incomparable feminine modesty, and Ken wondered in some alarm if by any chance she was really sweet and old-fashioned and afraid of mice.

Obviously in young Mr. Mallory's mind there was a perplexing uncertainty of ideal. Things like that have been going on in male minds for a decade. The era, social historians seem to feel, is transitional. Miss Pennington, he gathered, lived in Eldridge, twelve miles from Hugh's summer cabin.

Three week-ends later, in a twilight boat, Mary Pennington was saying soberly: "I'm crazy about you too, Ken, but I can't marry for a long while yet. You see, by the time I was four years old, my father and mother were dead and Grandfather brought me up. He's a doctor and a widower and he had to pack me off to boarding schools and Vassar. It's up to me now to stay home for a while. I'm a dividend, Ken, on a wildcat investment."

Ken didn't see it. At ten o'clock, in his cousin's car, he was secretly on his way to have it out with Dr. Jim Pennington.

Dr. Jim's house was architecturally preposterous and old-fashioned. It had haphazard wings rambling about irresponsibly in equally haphazard gardens and a cupola that made Ken shudder. Dr. Jim himself came to the door with a piece of pie in his hand. His old housekeeper was in bed and Dr. Jim was looting the ice-box.

Dr. Jim Pennington was a tall old man of a tigerish gauntness. He had rather a mild, dry look around his mouth but his light brown eyes were disconcertingly keen and observant. It annoyed Ken that Dr. Jim looked him over once and said immediately:

"Mary isn't home, son. She went up to the lake over the week-end."

"I know that," Ken stammered, flushing. "I—I came to see you."

"Oh!" grumbled the doctor. He looked peculiar.

KEN followed him down a long, wide, carpeted hall and came out in one of the wings and the doctor's suite of offices.

He began at once to tell the doctor who he was. This included his age, salary and prospects, his parents in Baltimore, his training at the Beaux Arts in Paris, a small inheritance from an aunt and Mary's eccentric anxiety to be a dividend. Dr. Jim said nothing. Ken, prepared to battle him down, moved forward in his chair.

The tall old doctor placidly finished his pie and reached for a pad.

"Take off your shirt," he said.

"My—shirt!"

"Anybody that aims to take over that Indian of mine for life," said Mary's grandfather, smiling slightly at his visitor's blank face, "interests me considerably. You see, son, in normal life a salary gets better with age but anything loose inside kinda gets to rattlin' worse." He picked up a stethoscope.

Ken indignantly shed his coat and shirt.

"What would you think," he demanded, "if my parents turned the family doctor loose on Mary?"

"I'd think they had considerably more sense than most parents," Dr. Jim said dryly. "I've kept a chart on Mary for seventeen years. She's a hundred per cent sound and healthy, and smart as a whip. Average amount of female cussedness."

BY MIDNIGHT Dr. Jim Pennington knew all there was to know about Ken's interior, his muscles, chest expansion, blood pressure and when some of his nearest ancestors had died and why.

"Well," he said, writing, "you stack up better'n some of 'em."

"Some of—whom?" Ken exploded.

The doctor grinned. "Of course," he admitted soothingly, "I don't know what else she said to you, but some of them hear that speech about the dividend Mary's been makin' now for years, summers when she was home, and all of 'em hop me. Beats me where they all come from. They scuff the paint off the porch and a fellow can't go to bed nights without smellin' cigarette smoke and hearin' ukuleles and college quartets."

"Would you," Ken said—"would you be—willing?"

"Shucks!" grumbled the doctor, "an old fellow like me can't keep the tides from rollin' in." He wrote something else.

They were married in January in an old ivy-covered church in Eldridge.

What emerged staggered Mallory. There was very little suit, a great deal of smooth, graceful tan.... Ken feared she was modern

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It went rather well. By then Ken had used his aunt's legacy to build a house, his father and mother came up from Baltimore for the wedding and Ken's mother wept. Dr. Jim's attitude, Eldridge felt, was considerably less sentimental. Nobody realized for some time that by presenting the betrothed pair with a lot on the street behind his rose garden he had slyly with one stone killed a number of troublesome birds. He had not merely delighted Ken, who plunged immediately into a complicated series of blueprints and budgets. He had committed that blinded young man to a lifetime of commuting and he had firmly anchored Mary a hundred feet from his kitchen door. You went down an old brick path through the roses, opened a gate and there you were in Mary's back yard, facing a small, absurd Spanish house with a pink-tiled roof, occasional balconies and graceful Moorish doorways in yellow plaster walls.

Tremendous alterations had been steadily going on in Ken Mallory's mind in the weeks before his marriage. Heretofore it had had in it one area of firmness given over to architectural concentrations.

THE rest of it had been amiable, indefinite and crowded with impressions. Now all of it became exceedingly firm and clear. All his life, Ken discovered, he had been absorbing enough information about marriage and women to make possible several high-powered theories.

He said, on the night his honeymoon ended: "Are you happy, Mary?"

"Simply sunk!" said Mary. "Oh, Ken, I love the house!"

"Come through the doorway again!" he urged. "Every time I drew one I saw you in it. . . . Hanged if I can understand these people who can't make a success of marriage!" he said later, building a fire. "All you have to do is think it out."

"Ken," Mary said, snickering, "that awful medical report Grandfather filed away about you said you had second-degree flat feet and hammer toes! Golly, what a fireplace!"

Ken was slightly provoked.

"I'm really serious, though," he explained, readjusting a log with brand-new fire tongs. "Mary, let's always talk things over. Let's always be absolutely frank. If we begin right, we'll end right. I feel very strongly, for instance, that once a week, a man ought—ought to go out in the evening and mingle with men."

Even the sound of it filled him with terror. He didn't want to leave her. He was still too much in love. But the menacing shadow of all women hung in his path. Women, men said, were too proprietary. Whatever they loved, they tried to chain to themselves forever.

"It's much better," he said more firmly than he felt, "to have an understanding. Don't you think so, Mary?"

"Why, of course it is, Ken!"

"You mean," he said, secretly hurt, "that you don't mind—if I go?"

"Not a bit."

It seemed to him that she ought to mind a lot.

"Well," he said glumly, "that's that. Will Friday do?"

"Any night you say, Ken."

So they left it. Strictly, Ken Mallory felt, it had not been an understanding. Nor had he been frank. You simply couldn't tell an irreverent, exuberant girl like Mary that you were about to do something you didn't want to do because you had cleverly boiled down the grumbled experience of many men and found at the bottom of the hypothetical pot a distillate of warning.

MARY that first week bought cookbooks and aprons, and Ken mobilized for active duty an army of budgets A budget entitled "The Umbrella" was to claim each month ten per cent of his excellent salary for a rainy day. When all other budgets had filled their quota, the residue in cash was to be turned over to a miscellaneous budget which Ken called "The General." The General dwelt in a candy box in a bureau drawer and his lot was likely to be a hard one since it was entirely ethical to rob him on any pretense whatever as long as you placed within his fort a small slip of paper stating precisely why the misdemeanor had been perpetrated and acknowledging the debt.

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

He was able to dodge behind a tree when the Mallory door opened

Ken in five days of settled married life wondered affectionately why women haphazardly squeeze a tube of toothpaste instead of folding it neatly upward day by day, and Mary wondered why men never entirely close a bureau drawer or a closet door. They were completely happy until Friday night.

"Ken," said Mary then in a solemn voice, "this is the night you go out and mingle with men."

IT HAD been in Ken's mind a dismal fact for twenty-four hours.

"Mrs. Mallory," he inquired, "are you by any chance spoofing me?"

"Ken, no!" Mary cried. "But where on earth will you go? You can't just stride out thinking 'I will find a spot where men collect and mingle with 'em!"

The picture was so ridiculous that his olive skin faintly reddened.

"Why," he asked a trifle complacently, "do you suppose I joined the City Club? Gee, honey, I hate to leave you alone!"

"Don't be foolish," Mary said. "Besides, I won't be alone. Peggy Twitchell and her husband are coming in and several others. Open house, Ken, Friday nights. That way you won't have to worry about me."

"Oh!" Ken said rather blankly. Romantically all day he had been seeing Mary alone by an open fire, watching the clock.

The City Club, he decided an hour later, was a stuffy, dismal retreat for married men maturer than he. By ten o'clock he had walked several miles around a billiard table, spryly followed or preceded by a bald old citizen by the name of Gates. Later Mr. Gates entangled him in a game of contract with two gentlemen old enough to be his father and he lost three dollars. It was an unavoidable catastrophe and since Mary and he had agreed not to play contract for money, there was no budget to cover the situation. He would have to rob the General.

The windows of the little Spanish house at eleven o'clock were bright and cheerful. A phonograph was pealing bangs and clatter through a lowered sash. Dancing shadows flitted across the amber shades.

"I'm hanged if I'll go in until they all go home," he muttered, passing. "It—it looks goofy. Besides, I hate wise-cracks."

ABRUPTLY he retraced his footsteps and looked at the cars along the curb. Three of them he identified with no particular rancor. His eyes flashed angrily over the fourth. It was a long, low, expensive-looking roadster, and after he had walked the length of it several times he swung off rapidly around the block, jerking his hat down over his forehead. It seemed to him that a young husband avoiding his own doorsill late at night should not be recognized by his neighbors.

"And if you ask me," ran Ken's fiery thought, "it's rotten bad taste for Paul Fletcher to stick his beak in the door the first night Mary is alone. Not that she's alone! But everybody in this town knows he's been dizzy about her most of his life. . . . Flat feet and hammer toes," he added savagely. "My feet feel like the devil. . . . I don't like that guy. You'd think the way they act here in Eldridge that the Fletcher family owned the town. Fletcher mills and Fletcher Street and God knows what. Sickening!"

Eldridge, Ken knew perfectly well, had been astonished when a contender with nothing behind him but an excellent salary had walked off with Mary Pennington.

He was approaching his home again a trifle wildly. Fortunately he was still three houses away and able to dodge behind a tree when the Mallory door opened and Paul Fletcher emerged with a bound.

"Paul!" Mary called from the doorway. "Peggy says that new restaurant down by the station stays open all night. Get the bread there."

"All right, Beautiful!" Paul sang out. The long gray roadster glided east.

For a stricken suitor, Ken thought angrily, he was pretty buoyant. Why?

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Helping the Farmer Out

By Owen P. White

And "out" is precisely where you'll find many of the farmers who have gone to the Federal Land Banks for aid in hard times. Set up to help the farmer, they have heartlessly foreclosed his mortgages and bought back at a low price their own tax-free bonds from investors who thought the descriptive phrase "government instrumentalities" meant more than it does. It's all very smart business, of course, but the farmer, about whom our politicians are solicitous, takes it on the chin

AS a dispossessed southwestern cotton planter bitterly expressed it to this writer, what the Federal and Joint Stock Land Banks have done to the farmers in this country is to darn' near ruin them.

Originally these banks were intended to aid agriculture by making it easy for the farmers to borrow money. They did that. For twelve years, from Maine to California, they helped the farmers to get into debt, but now that hard times are upon them they are not helping them to get out.

On the contrary, by bringing foreclosure proceedings against 16,601 American farms during 1931 and selling many of them for whatever they would bring under the auctioneer's hammer, these land banks have decreased by many millions of dollars the average value of farm lands, and thus have seriously crippled the credit of thousands of farmers not directly involved in any of their transactions.

Naturally, behind the activities of these banks there is a motive. That motive is profit. Although governmentally fostered, these banks are privately owned. Consequently, as between the farmers, out of whose pockets the banks' profits come, and the stockholders, into whose pockets those profits go, there is no common interest.

Furthermore, there is one other very important element that must be taken into consideration. That is the public. Stored away in their tin boxes the conservative investors of this country now hold about *seventeen hundred million* dollars' worth of tax-free bonds, issued by these land banks, upon which they can today charge off a loss of approximately half a billion. To be sure, there is nothing remarkable about this. All classes of bonds are down, but when we add together the two losses referred to —loss to the farmers of their lands, plus loss to the bondholders of their money—we are amazed to find that the result is profit to the land banks.

Now how can any such financial miracle as this be performed? In order that we may find out, let us look into the case of a gentleman who requests that his name be withheld from the record but whom we will call Mr. Williamson, and who, we will say, lives in Alabama. A couple of years ago Mr. Williamson was a successful farmer; today he is merely a farmer in the past tense and so has plenty of time to discuss his predicament.

No Cause for Uneasiness

"Yes," he told his congressman, "I did have a good farm; four hundred acres of it, standing me better than $25,000, on which, up to 1925, there had never been even a splinter of a mortgage. In that year along came an agent for a Federal Land Bank who held out temptation to me, and I fell. Yes, sir, I fell for the picture that that fellow drew of a nice farm home with all kinds of city fixings built into it, and almost before I knew it I had signed up for a loan of ten thousand dollars, five per cent of which was held out on me and invested in stock in a National Farm Loan Association, which association in turn invested a like amount in stock in the Federal Land Bank, thus making the whole deal coöperative, as they told me, and at the same time making me believe that the government was working right along with me.

"After that, for the next three years, I didn't have any more trouble than the cotton farmer always does have. In spite of having to fight leaf worm one year, and getting a couple of workers poisoned with arsenic doing it—but not fatally—and having to fight the boll weevil every year, I got the new house built, thereby raising my investment in the place to $35,000, made my crops regular, paid my installments and interest on the loan right slap on the barrel head, and was, in fact, feeling so good about everything that in the spring of 1930 I wasn't overly worried about it when along came a flood that drowned a lot of my livestock, washed down a couple of new barns that the paint wasn't hardly dry on yet, and set me so far back in my planting that I knew ahead of time I was going to make a pretty short crop that fall.

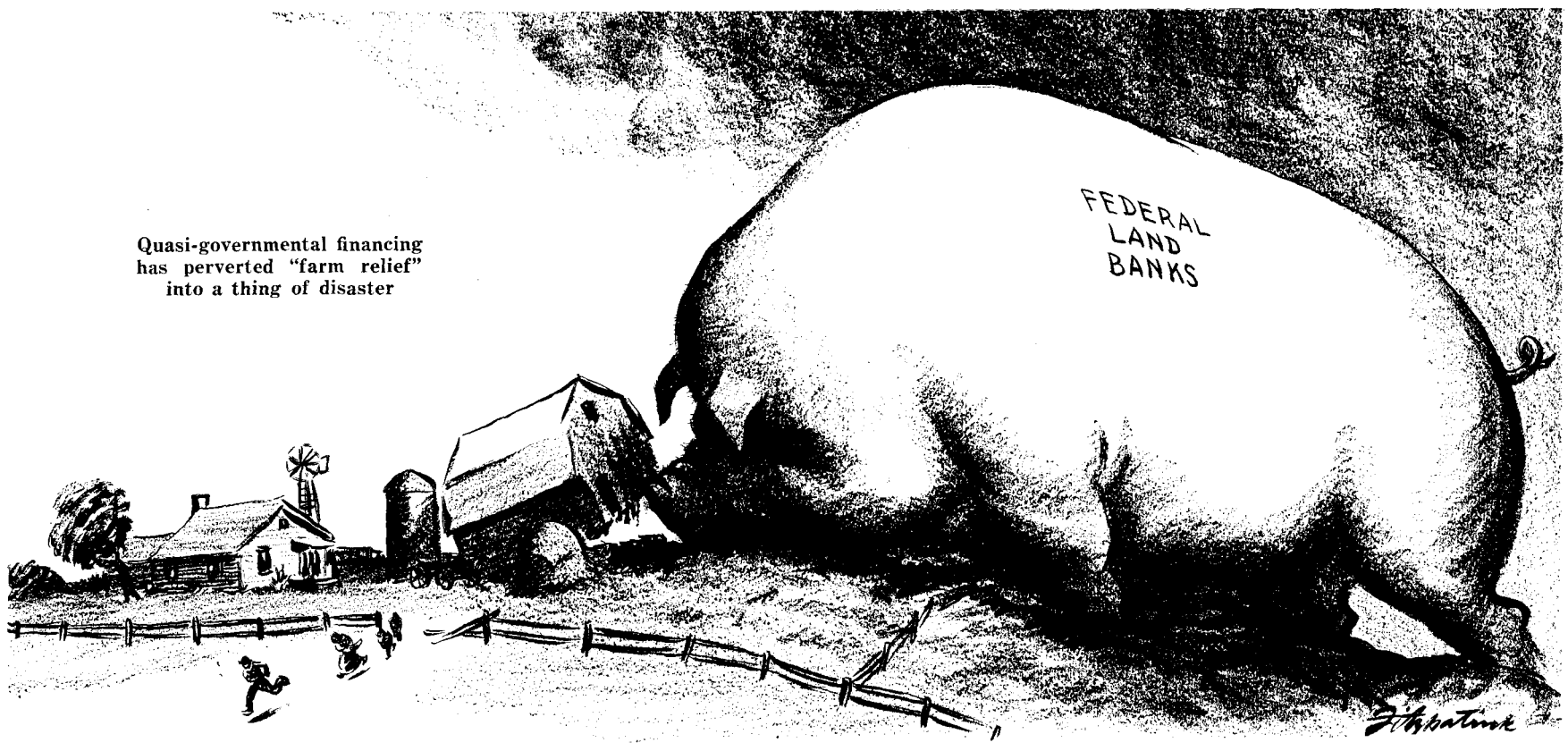
"It was short, and so, as the price of cotton was low, after I'd paid off the flood damage all I had left to turn in on $617 that came due in November was $300. But, of course, that didn't cause me a lot of uneasiness. I believed that I was borrowing from the Federal government, which ever since 1920 had been making violent love to all us farmers, and felt that as a stockholder, just once removed, in the Federal Land Bank I would be given some consideration.

"I just hopped into my car, drove to town, went to the bank, told the manager all about the flood and the low price of cotton and, planking my three hundred down on the counter, I asked him to take it and let the other $317 ride until the next year.

"But do you think that without some additional security he was willing to do that? Not on your life he wasn't. That bank already had a $35,000 farm back of a $10,000 loan, but just the same that manager drew up a chattel mortgage against me covering seven head of mules, all my farming machinery, my automobile, my equity in forty bales of cotton in storage, and then, that being all he could think of, I reckon, he handed me the pen and said: 'Sign it there, Mr. Williamson.' I did.

Too Good to Pass Up

"I signed just where he told me to, and then that winter and the next spring, by selling off some of my feed and getting my tenants to trade their cottonseed for meal, I managed to get my planting done and that year I got in a good crop. You know, though, what kind of a season 1931 was for a cotton farmer, and so there's no use in my explaining to you why last fall I still couldn't pay off that $317 balance. But, as I had made both ends meet for my own family, and had also made a living for my three tenant families, I wasn't entirely without hope when I went back to the bank and told them just what the situation was—that I was broke and that I couldn't pay what I owed, but that it wasn't my fault. I had worked hard; I was willing to keep on working hard, and so I suggested that if they'd just let me stay with the place I'd manage to finance my tenants another year and would give them a chattel mortgage on the 1932 crop. If you don't want to do that, I told the manager, then you'll have to foreclose, because, although I've got a $35,000 farm back there in the country, I haven't got thirty-five cents in cash.



Quasi-governmental financing has perverted "farm relief" into a thing of disaster

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"Well, he said he'd think it over and let me know, and so I went on home to do some thinking my own self. That happened in November, just before Congress met, and then, early in December, after it had met, I picked up the paper one morning and saw where a bill had been passed, and signed by the President, giving the Federal Land Banks a lot of money, $25,000,000 of which was to be used to help out delinquent farmers, who, as Mr. Hoover wrote when he signed the bill, had done their best but because of circumstances beyond their control had been unable temporarily to make the grade. The other hundred million carried in that bill was to extend new credit to farmers, but that didn't interest me any. All that I wanted, and somehow I felt pretty sure I was going to get it, was $317 out of that specified $25,000,000.

Farm Relief with a Vengeance

"But did I get it? Listen: You don't know anything at all about the way to run a Federal Land Bank. My mortgage was just too good, from the bank's standpoint, to ever come back to me, and so, just about three weeks after that huge sum for delinquent farmers became available, I got my share of it in the shape of a letter telling me that the foreclosure lawyers and the sheriff would be dropping around to see me in a few days."

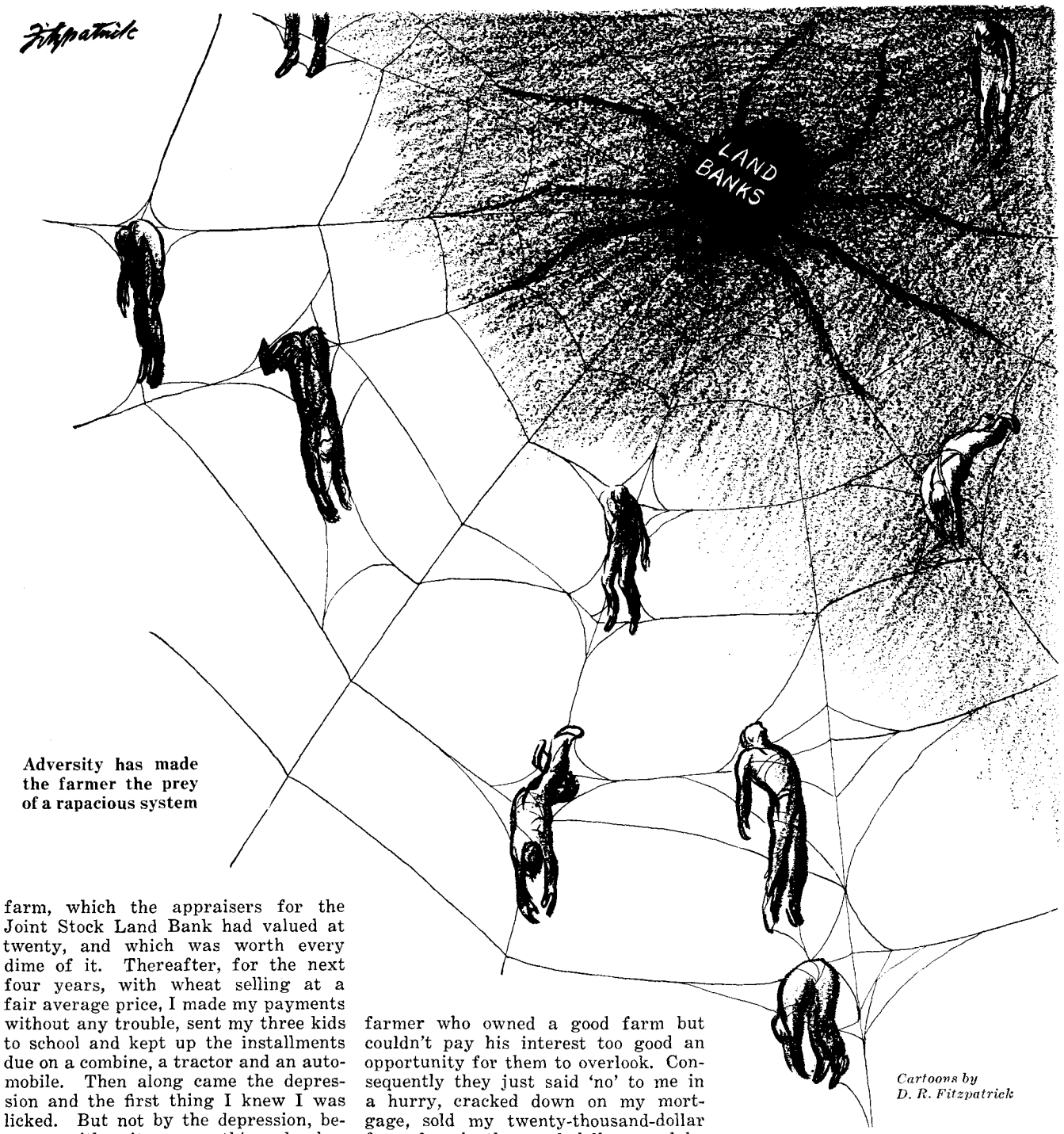
And that, so far as Mr. Williamson is personally concerned, is about all there is to his story. Where he was once a busy man with a happy family, he is now idle with a hungry one, and therefore, as the Federal Land Bank contemplates the scene, he is entirely removed from the picture. But his farm isn't. It is still there and it still represents something. It represents $35,000 worth of honest value that Williamson created, that is back of $10,000 worth of bonds that the bank issued against his mortgage. And as those bonds have been selling for some time at about 87½, the logical thing for the bank to have done would have been this: Just as soon as it foreclosed on Williamson's land it could have taken $8,750 from the fund for delinquent farmers, out of which it wouldn't let him have $317, and with that cash bought back $10,000 worth of its own bonds. Naturally by that procedure the bank would have made a neat profit on its own bonds. Moreover it would also own a nice farm, that hadn't cost it one penny out of its capital, which it could sell all over again under a mortgage against which it could again issue bonds which it could again peddle to the public.

So much, then, for Mr. Williamson's experience. There is nothing complicated about it. Loss to him of his land, plus loss to the bondholders of their money, has enabled the Federal Land Bank to come out of the transaction with a nice showing of profit for its stockholders.

But how do the Joint Stock Land Banks, which, as we will see farther on, are not financed by the government, manage to perform the same miracle? For an illustration of their methods we will jump clear across the country from Alabama to Michigan and will hear from a farmer we shall call Mr. Ferguson, who, after gazing sadly out at the broad acres and the nice home that once were his, after speculating ruefully as to what he will do for his family during the coming winter and after softly cussing himself for having placed any faith in the misleading phrase, "instrumentalities of the government," proceeds in a commendably restrained fashion to tell us his story.

"About seven years ago I took out a loan of eight thousand dollars on my farm, which the appraisers for the Joint Stock Land Bank had valued at twenty, and which was worth every dime of it. Thereafter, for the next four years, with wheat selling at a fair average price, I made my payments without any trouble, sent my three kids to school and kept up the installments due on a combine, a tractor and an automobile. Then along came the depression and the first thing I knew I was licked. But not by the depression, because neither it nor anything else has yet taken a dollar away from the basic value of that old chunk of ground of mine. Together it and I could produce just as much today as we ever could, and therefore when conditions get back to normal again we could, if we only had the chance, work our own way out and pay off our mortgage.

"But you see when that day gets here I won't be on the land to do that, because when I found out that I couldn't meet one of my interest payments, and went around to ask the bankers to carry me along for another year, I ran into a state of affairs that I hadn't ever paid any mind to but that they certainly had been keeping their eyes focused on.



Adversity has made the farmer the prey of a rapacious system

Cartoons by D. R. Fitzpatrick

Profits from Losses

"That was their bonds, and just in case you don't know how this bond business affects the farmers' mortgages I'll tell you about it. Under their charters these Joint Stock Land Banks have the power to issue tax-free bonds, against the mortgages which they take from the farmers. These bonds, of course, are peddled to the public, which, until the depression came along, has gobbled them up at par because, although they are really no such thing, they are labeled "instrumentalities of the government." Well, what was making my banker's heart sing with joy was that when I went around to ask for more time those bonds were selling in the open market at 53. This made any farmer who owned a good farm but couldn't pay his interest too good an opportunity for them to overlook. Consequently they just said 'no' to me in a hurry, cracked down on my mortgage, sold my twenty-thousand-dollar farm for six thousand dollars, and by taking that cash and repurchasing their own bonds with it they turned what would otherwise have been a two-thousand-dollar loss into better than a three-thousand-dollar profit.

"All of which is what I would call just about the sweetest kind of a . . ."

But at this point, as Mr. Ferguson's narrative seems about to become acrimonious, we will censor it. Apparently the idea he was about to express is that there is something unfair about the manner in which the Joint Stock Bank conducts its business, because a moment later when he was asked why he didn't do what the bank did—that is, buy bonds in the market and with them pay off his own mortgage—he is reported to have answered:

"Huh, that would have been pretty nice if I could have done it, but they wouldn't let me. No, sir, the privilege of buying in their own bonds at a heavy discount and with them taking our mortgages out of their portfolios, as they call them, is one that these land banks reserve exclusively for themselves."

Now, is this true, and are the other things that have been hinted at in regard to the activities of the land banks also true? Not knowing, I went to Washington, studied the situation and, going clear back to the origin of these institutions, here is what I found out about them:

To begin with, ever since 1917 when the Federal and the Joint Stock Land Banks began to operate they have enjoyed a peculiar privilege. Under the law which fostered them by clothing privately capitalized, profit-seeking corporations with semigovernmental authority, it was the business of these banks to lend money to farmers on approved first-mortgage liens, against which mortgages they were empowered to issue bonds characterized as "instrumentalities of the government" and hence tax-free. Furthermore, as their one source of profit, they were permitted to charge one per cent more for the money they loaned to the farmers than they paid to their bondholders, thus making it necessary for them, if they wanted to prosper, to do two things: First, they had to find farmers to lend money to, and second, they had to find buyers for their tax-free bonds. In neither case did they have any difficulty, because by carefully *not* stating that they were not lending government funds, and by carefully *not* asserting that they were not selling government bonds they encouraged the impression to get abroad—and the U. S. Treasury permitted them to do so—that in both instances the contrary was actually the case. And did business boom? It certainly did. In the comparatively brief period of their existence ending December 31, 1931, these banks made loans to 635,926 farmers of the staggering sum of $2,449,325,856. Against these loans they of course issued their tax-free bonds of

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Broadway Knight

George M. Cohan, looking back over more than a quarter-century of acting, writing and producing stage hits, sheds an occasional tear. For, he mourns, the old days of sentimental actors, pal producers and stage family spirit are no more

By John B. Kennedy

George M. Cohan in scenes from The Phantom President. Above, with Claudette Colbert, and, below, with Jimmy Durante

Paramount

HERE'S Hollywood and there's a quiet little man whose eyes, you'll observe, always beat his mouth to a smile.

"Would you mind," said a petite young person, "giving me the information for this part of the questionnaire?"

The slim, athletic man with the silver hair and the single chin gazed at the girl, gazed at the form. He held it from him so that he could read it better. This was what he read:

"Please state your experience, if any, in the legitimate theater."

He appeared surprised. Then he laughed—the rapid-repeating chuckle of a humorist genuinely amused.

"What's the gag?" said a gentleman whose nose had preceded him into the place by at least a split second. He was Jimmy Durante.

The slim gentleman showed him the form. Mr. Durante likewise held the form from himself to read. He had to. There was the matter of his nose, which many inexperienced youngsters mistake in winter-time for a toboggan.

Mr. Durante read that question. He turned to the girl.

"If you want this guy," said he, "to tell you his experience in the theater get him a twenty-four sheet to write it on."

Because "this guy" was George M. Cohan. Mr. Cohan had just introduced himself to the studio to start making The Phantom President, with Jimmy Durante assisting. It was a historic moment for the amusement industry, for its most versatile and amiable genius was doing something he had averred he would never do; something he had once torn up a costly contract to avoid doing.

In the rear of a movie cathedral, where sound substitutes for sanctity, he stood calmly and regarded himself walking and talking on a screen.

"Well," he muttered. "There it is."

"It" is the latest phase of America's most successful showman's career, which had its beginning like this:

Time: 1904. Place: New York. Scene: A theater, backstage. Occasion: First night of a new play by a new playwright named George M. Cohan. It's called The Wise Guy, and that's what the other New York producers call him. He's twenty-six and looks ten years less, and he's sold somebody besides himself the idea that the American public will stand for quick-action, slangy comedy.

An Old-Fashioned First Night

Other producers cling to the old formula of English drawing-room stuff by Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, or its American equivalent by Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas. Or else they're in musical comedy, burlesque or mildly roguish translations from French farces.

That's why they call young Cohan of the Four Cohans a wise guy.

The curtain goes up. The play goes on. A young man who looks as if he's never had to shave, nervously smokes a cigar backstage, nervously paces to and fro in front of the house. It's his big night. The play registers. Bewhiskered dramatic critics dash out to hansom cabs that convey them to telegraph offices to make and deliver their reports. The curtain goes down.

And the young man goes home where he sits quietly in a narrow hotel room to await the morning papers. No curtain speeches, no extraneous fuss. All the fever and excitement was backstage and in the young man's head. Such was an old-fashioned first night.

George M. Cohan at fifty-four is physically trim, mentally alert; but beneath the silver hair crowning his youthful face is a philosopher's soul, mellowed, it is true, and sobered by the passing show of what will always be an important part of American life—the American theater.

"It's changed and changing," he says, speaking with the background of America's most successful theatrical figure, which he unquestionably is. "I suppose we took things more seriously when we were younger," he adds. "When we didn't have movies and radio and other mechanical distractions such as rapid personal transit by automobile and

(Continued on page 30)

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Something for Nothing

By John T. Flynn

That's the lure. The result is that the great American public pays over a hundred million dollars a year for nothing —or for things it doesn't want. It's the old pitchman's game with a newer variant, the jam auction. Here Mr. Flynn shows you why you'd do well to avoid them in favor of regular dealers

LET us listen to Gasoline Bill Baker, editor of Pipes for Pitchmen, historian and chronicler of the ancient craft of vagabond street salesmen, tell you how the boys operate what they call a jam pitch. Then you will know better what I am talking about when I speak later about a jam auction.

"I have hit Stixville," says Mr. Baker, "the county seat, on court day. I'm on the green. It is midday. The court has just recessed for dinner. I set up my tripes and keister (which means the tripod and the grip which the pitchman uses to carry his wares). The crowd is emerging from the portals of John Law's domicile. As the push gathers round I open, something like this:

" 'La-dees and gents, I am here before you this beautiful day for the purpose of promulgating publicity for the famous Six-in-One Silverware Company of New York City, the largest manufacturers of this superfine product in America.

" 'Bear in mind, la-dees and gents, I am not a salesman. I am not here to sell goods. I am here to distribute these articles for the purpose of advertising. I choose to address you at this time of the day in this particular place because here I can find a greater number of intellectual and right-thinking people than at any other hour.

" 'I have here a genuine sterling silver spoon, plated over white metal. I will now demonstrate the quality.' The push comes in closer, and I take a large pair of tinner's shears and, holding out the spoon, I cut the handle in half at the shank. The tough shears pull the plating over the cut ends, giving the appearance of white metal.

Now, Good Pee-pul—

"Then I proceed: 'You see for yourselves, la-dees and gents, it's quadruple plating on white metal, guaranteed to last a lifetime.

" 'Now I am not here to sell. But nobody values something thrown at them for nothing. It's human nature. My firm knows it. I know it. You know it. I am not here to make a beggar of anyone. I am going to let you make an exchange with me. My firm wants advertising and is willing to pay for it. Now come along. Who will give me the advertising price of one dime for this one-dollar article? My stock for distribution is limited, so act quick. Who has a thin dime?'

"Several of my shills step through the push and purchase. I hand them the spoons. Then I call them back as they are turning away.

" 'Folks,' I say, 'the transaction having been completed, here is your money back.' And I hand back the dimes. The shills look surprised. Mild excitement stirs the crowd. Now, at no time during my talk do I promise to return the money. No man or woman in that push of natives can recall afterward that I promised anything. Because I don't.

"I go on: 'Now, good pee-pul, I am going to offer as an advertisement for this famous silverware company a full half-dozen of these superb spoons for a quarter of a dollar. Come along.' This time the shills are not needed. Five, ten or fifteen of the towners are sure to hand up quarters. They receive their spoons. They wait expectantly. I talk a few lines more about the advertising gag, then without comment or explanation, I begin passing back the quarters to the people who paid them to me.

"The crowd gets thicker, the excitement runs high and the natives press closer about my stand. I hand out a few forks at fifty cents each in the same manner, then in a casual way while I am talking of the merits of my goods I hand the half-dollars back.

Blocks to the Blockheads

"When the push has been worked up to the right temperature, I dig up some new stuff from the old keister and say:

" 'Now, la-dees and gents, I come to the crowning feature of this remarkable advertising campaign. I have something big to offer you. But before I proceed I want all of those hard-shell Shylocks with shoe strings and baling wire tied around their pocketbooks to step aside and make room for the big-hearted, intelligent citizens to come forward and avail themselves of this opportunity.'

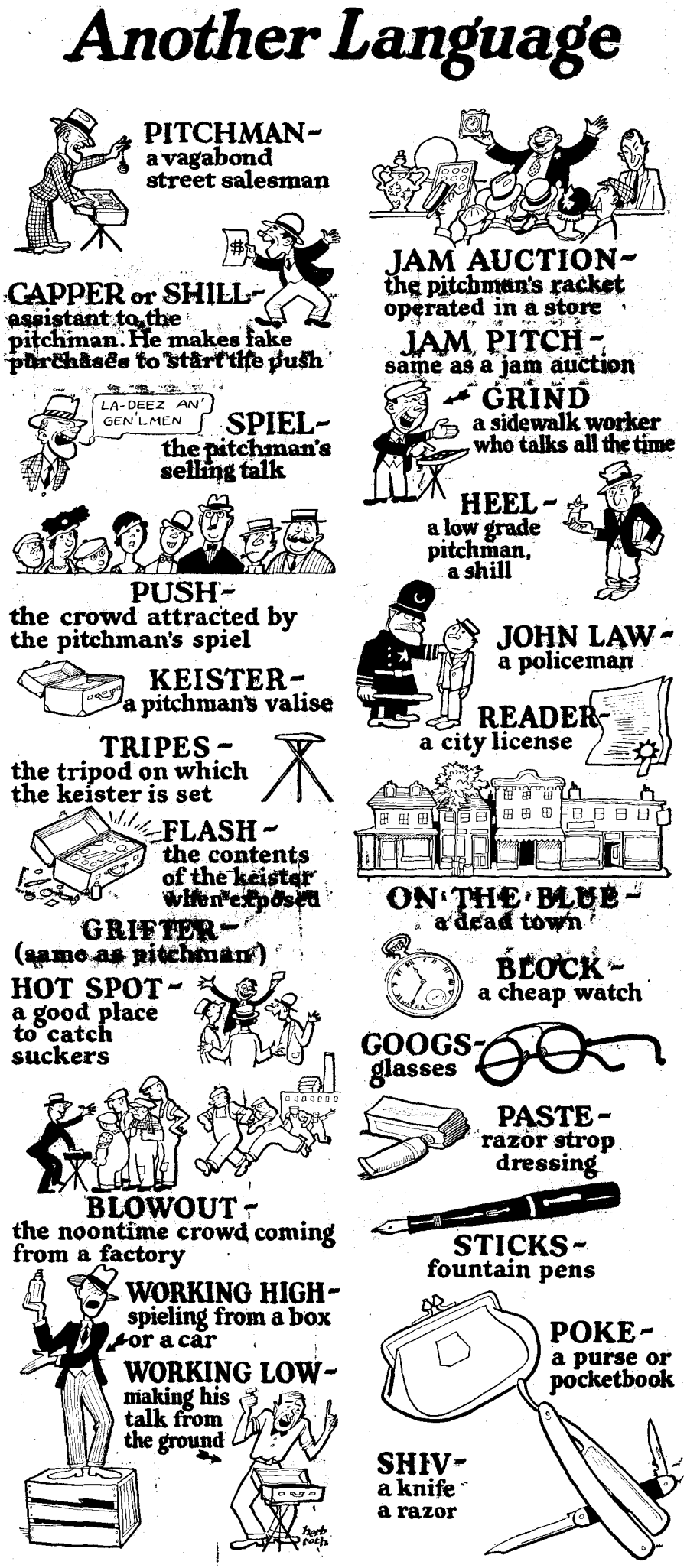
"I take my own watch, a good one, from the keister and, holding it up, I say: 'Here is a watch. It contains seventeen ruby jewels. It is adjusted to synchronize with all the oscillations of the body. It is proof against heat and cold, steam and dust. The case is made of a rolling of gold over a composition of white gold. It is guaranteed for twenty years. Now I am going to pass out, as an advertisement, some watches among you. What shall I ask for them? What do you think you should pay? A dollar? What's that, brother? You will pay two dollars. Well, let's make the price two dollars. Now, as an advertisement I am going to pass out these watches at two dollars to all of these genial and generous folks who have evidenced an interest in my advertising campaign at the ridiculous price of two dollars. Let the stingy ones look on. Remember, you are not to open your case and exhibit your watch to give these old pinch-penny curmudgeons out there the satisfaction of investigation until I have finished the distribution of this wonderful bonanza. Then to all of those holding wrapped watches I am going to give a free gift.

" 'Don't crowd, please. Ah, is that the chief of police I see there? What's that you say, sir? You're the constable? La-dees and gentlemen, I am glad to see with us on this occasion your handsome and affable high constable. I am going to ask him to hold the money while I make the distribution. Will you oblige us, Officer? Thank you; just stand there. Now, people, hand the money to the officer.'

"They come a-running. The officer is just as pleased as the crowd. When I have made the pass-out I take the money from him and put it in my pocket.

" 'And now, la-dees and gents,' I say, 'I promised to present each and every one holding a watch a free gift. I keep my promises always. I could give you a brick house, a toothpick or a match

(Continued on page 47)



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Water-Front Irish

Leo was a fighter. Not clever, not much good. What of it? This is

THIS begins in a little street in Brooklyn between Myrtle Avenue and the East River, Hall Street or Ryerson Street, or Clinton Avenue, maybe. It's near the sugar refineries, or the leather factories, or the Wallabout Market; at any rate, the river bubbles at its foot. Drays go rumbling by all day long, and at night, particularly on cloudy nights, there comes the sound of foghorns and of bells. There used to be a liquor store on each corner, and a livery stable down the street, and at Number 245 a blacksmith's shop, with a harness-maker's place next door. That's where Catharine Gallegher was born, forty-seven years ago.

Gray-blue eyes she had, and black, coarse hair—a mop of it. She was five feet seven, and she took size forty in dresses, and still she wasn't too heavy; she's never been. Pretty? She looked good to those who'd been out all day wrestling with sugar barrels and burlap bags, who'd been driving brewery teams, or delivering milk at a thousand doorsteps till their fingers froze. Such were her sweethearts, and she chose among them and, no doubt, she chose badly, as most good women do.

When she was seventeen she married Louis J. Brady, a dry-dock man. Brady was big, and brave, and faithful to her; he had no other good qualities. He drank, he gambled, he wasn't steady; he made fair wages, but his work was seasonal, and he put nothing by. At thirty-five he tumbled from a scaffolding into a concrete basin seventy feet below, and he didn't leave enough to bury him.

It wasn't Catharine's first experience with death. She'd lost two children, a boy and a girl. There were five more of them—three daughters, two sons. The eldest was eleven. She wasn't quite thirty-two.

It's nothing unusual, of course, for a woman of her station to be left with five small children. She gets along, somehow. She sews, she scrubs floors, she takes in washings or gives piano lessons; she scrimps, she saves, she goes hungry herself, she does everything but beg from strangers. If she's an Irishwoman, that's one thing she seldom has to do. Her sisters, her cousins, her uncles, all the Galleghers will give her a little something.

CATHARINE was a proud woman; she took favors ungraciously, and conferred them with a casual nod. She didn't snivel or whine; she let no one see her shedding tears. Grim and tight-lipped and dour, she seemed to have been drained of soft emotions, and her down-drooping mouth was as thin and hard as the soil of Tyrone.

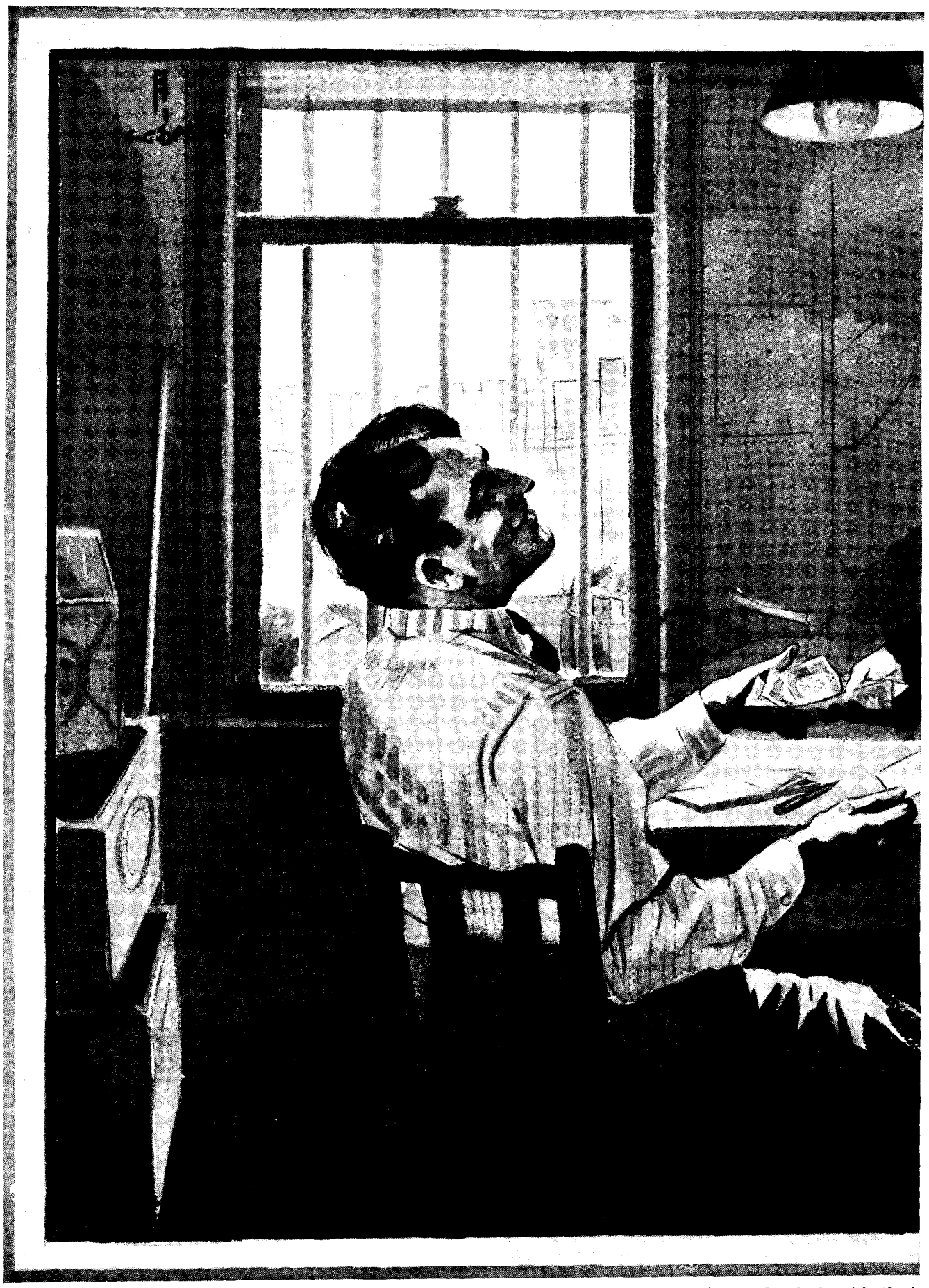
Her religion seemed to be a great source of comfort to her, and a great source of annoyance to her sons, and even, perhaps, to her daughters, though they were good girls, all of them.

The boys weren't, and aren't, so good.

The older son, William F. J. X., is out West somewhere, and it's to be hoped that he doesn't come back for some time. He was a wild sort of fellow, and he got into a little trouble, as the phrase is.

The other boy, Leo, is a fighter. He's a pretty good fighter, too.

He must be, at present, twenty-two years old. He fought his first bout when he was fifteen, at the Gayety Theater, as an amateur; probably he got two dollars. He fought, just lately, a semi-final at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn.



"She never wants to know nothing about no odds. 'Here's the dough, bet it'—that's

Leo's a lightweight. He's five feet nine, and he weighs, normally, about a hundred and forty pounds. Angels, according to the catechism, are bodiless spirits; Leo's body is as beautiful as an angel's would be. His face was rather handsome, too, once upon a time; he's black-haired and blue-eyed, and he looks young and brave and bold, and so he is. He's not clever. He's not intelligent. He's not logical. In fact, he's not much good. He's impulsive and moody and headstrong; he's hot-tempered and obstinate. He drinks, he gambles, he's fond of the girls, and the girls are fond of him. So he's broke all the time.

It's in the ring that he shows up best. He's all swagger, he's all flash; every move is a picture, and an unstudied picture, too, though he thinks right well of himself. He goes swinging down the long lane of seats, his bathrobe fluttering at his heels, and his handlers all behind him. He leaps up, catches a rope, ducks under it, puts his taped hands above his head and shakes them, in salutation to his friends and to his foes, and when he's through, win or lose, he'll lift his soggy gloves again and shake hands with himself, as he turns to greet the customers on every side. He has a lot of class; he's as graceful as a sun-

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intelligent, not logical. In fact, not really the story of Leo's mother

By Edward L. McKenna

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

your ma. She's one fine sport"

beam, and as fast as Mercury, and as cool and cruel as Cuchullin. There's a dirty streak in him, too; he'll rough it up, he'll wrestle and heel, and use head and shoulders and elbows when he's in close.

That's part of the game, of course, and he knows the game, all of it. The sting of collodion on a cut, the bite of a styptic pencil, the shock of ammonia, the douse of a blood-stained sponge. Bad matches, against bigger boys, more experienced boys, boys whose style didn't suit his own, and that's the worst of all, for the audience boos and stamps and whistles derisive waltzes, and the referee keeps slapping shoulders and saying, "Come on, mix it up there; get going, whatcha think this is?" till it makes both of them crazy. The desolation of defeat, the haze settling about his blood-shot eyes as he grovels and tries to rise, and cannot. Training, with its abstinences, its monotony, its early hours, its periods of dreary inactivity. Yes, and then, sometimes, the crowd on its feet, shouting and tense, as he drives his man across the ring to the ropes and lets him come out again, and works him into a corner; where he keeps after him, driving him, driving him, shaking him loose from a clinch, never letting him get set, never letting him even shake his head to clear his muddled brain. He's a front-runner, Leo is; he never looks better than when he's putting a man away. He can box; he can hit; he can take it. Otherwise, they'd never have let him box eight times before the fastidious and critical clientele of the Cleremont Rink.

Well. That's Leo, then.

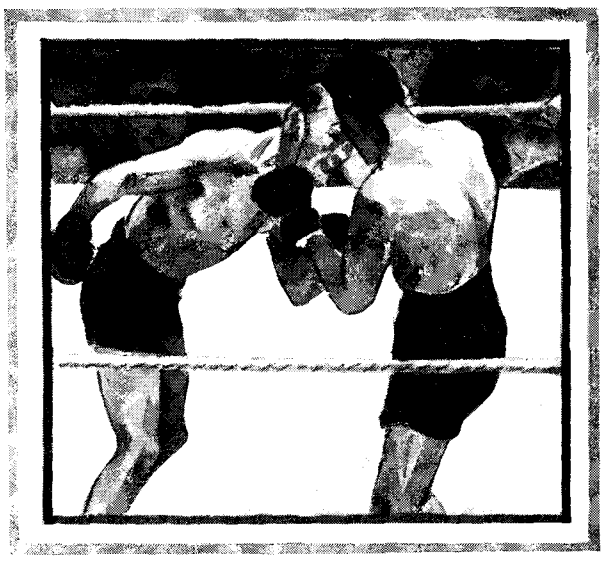
Do you think that Catherine wanted Leo to be a boxer? She'd have been happier to see him selling shirts or bonds or cars, or driving a truck, or keeping books. Books! He's probably never read a book since he read Ivanhoe, in the seventh grade.

Men have puzzled Catherine, always; in her heart she's sullen about them, and bewildered. She never took a drink in her life. She's never been careless, she's never been thriftless, except, perhaps, in her gifts. She laughs but seldom, she's not gay, she's not companionable; she's faithful, and that's a different thing. She doesn't understand the foolishness of men.

She was loud to condemn Leo's cheap, bright clothes, his cheap girls, his cheap friends. She hated his drinking, hated his flashy ostentation. "Makin' a big fellah out of yourself," she'd say. "My heart is scalded with you." Doubtless it was.

Leo couldn't argue with her, couldn't smile at her and disarm her. He was only a stupid fellow; he couldn't tell her that, in his way, he was an artist, and entitled to a little freedom. All he could do was put on his hat and go out.

He never ran away from home, exactly, but after he began to make a little money he wouldn't stay there long. He'd be training somewhere; he'd be going away for a bout. He wasn't a good liar, and lots of times it wouldn't be training that he was doing. Catharine suspected that, and she told him so, too. It was her duty to tell him, she said.



It's in the ring that he shows up best

MEANWHILE, the Brady's weren't doing nearly so poorly. Tessie was teaching school, and Anne was working at Johnson's, and Jo had run away to get married, though, to be sure, her husband was out of work most of the time. And Leo was making great strides. He did drink and he did gamble, but he'd bring home occasional donations—fifty dollars, a hundred, a twenty-dollar bill now and then for Anne, the youngest one. He did like to be a big fellow. As usual, Catharine would take his presents with a twist of the lip, and hardly a muttered word. She hated to take money, she loved to give it away.

Now, it's no secret that Leo'd fought a fight or two that wasn't honest. That's nothing. That is to say, it's not so unusual.

This bout at Ebbets Field, the semi-final, with Johnny Shourak, the Polack, is generally reported to have been fixed. In a way, so it was.

This Shourak was a good tough boy from Scranton, more of a welter- than a lightweight, really. They say that Mickey Davis wanted him, and, of course, the Polack wanted a crack at Mickey Davis, so they were giving him a build-up.

They didn't know too much about this stranger from Scranton, over in Brooklyn, but they knew about Leo Brady. They were laying six to five on Leo, or even money and take your pick. Thus it came about that it was represented to Leo's manager, James Dunleavy, that if Leo would do a nice dive in the fifth round, he could come up with his pockets full of gold.

This sounded all right to Dunleavy, and as for Leo, he had not been hitting the crap game lately.

So when Leo went up to Summit, or Scarsdale, or Sullivan County, to train, he didn't exactly kill himself. There was a blonde, or a brunette, not too far away, and there was a little liquor, and there was not too much running on the road, which is said to be hard, not only on the feet, but also on the disposition. Leo wasn't making weight for the fight, and he was the sort of boy who should always make weight for anything. Well, he didn't. He came back to New York the day before the fight weighing a hundred and thirty-nine.

That afternoon he dropped around to see his mother and gave her, quite regally, two hundred dollars. He wasn't planning to give her any after the fight was over. He'd had a small advance, as earnest-money, from his manager, who may have picked it up from the Shourak people, or possibly from George Somerset, who, as the world knows, is betting-commissioner and general go-between for Louis Martone.

And Catharine took the money with her customary lack of effusiveness. She didn't say aye, yes, or no. She took a sharp look at him and said "Hagh," which is a Celtic interjection meaning many different things. Then she said, "Josie's husband got a job, thank God."

"Oh. Him," said Leo. "How's Anne?"

"She's got a new beau. An expert accountant."

"Uh-huh."

"Tessie's takin' the exam for junior high. She'll be home, soon."

"Uh-huh," said Leo. "Well, I just dropped in."

"Will you be home tomorrow night?" said Catharine. "You'd better come home. You know how you are."

"I might stay with Dunleavy."

He kissed her; her arms were almost as hard as his own. She'd done plenty of work in her day.

"Well, good luck," she said brusquely.

He looked at her. "Thanks, mom," he said. It was the first time he ever remembered her wishing him luck before a fight.

HE SLEPT well that night; he didn't always before a bout. He got up early and ate his breakfast and stretched himself.

"It's a nice day, Jimmy," he said.

"Yeah. It's O. K."

"I think I'll take a walk."

"I'll go with you," said Dunleavy.

"Nah. I'm only gonna take a walk."

"Hey, listen, Leo. Don't you go gettin' any booze today. We got to make this look good. Where you going?"

"Just gonna take a walk. Down on the docks, maybe. I got kind of a headache."

"You what?"

"I want to catch a little air. 'S too hot in here."

"You miss the country, huh?"

"Yeah," said Leo, and laughed. He certainly did hate the country.

He took a cross-town car, and got off at Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, and walked over to the river-front. A lot of it is factories, but now and then, at the end of a street, you can see the water. It isn't much, to anyone who wasn't born and raised there.

It was a holiday, Memorial Day. Pretty soon he was back in his old neighborhood but he didn't see anyone he knew. He was thinking to himself that he'd like to be going down to the Island for a swim that afternoon, or to Rockaway or some place, with Dot or Margie or Loretta. He wouldn't have minded fighting, even, if he weren't taking a dive.

(Continued on page 45)

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A Perfect Scream

They were sitting in a puddle of water. They had never met before. But— "Hello," said the man who wanted to die. And that's the way it started

By Ruth Burr Sanborn

A SHOT rang out. An automatic clattered to the floor.

Then a woman's scream—a great, heart-shaking scream that tore at the nerve ends, shrill, appalling; it trailed off into broken sobs . . . a strangling catch of breath . . . silence.

"All right," said Mr. Gastenstuber. "Cut." He raised his voice and called. "'S a good one, kid. That's all today. Don't forget Tuesday."

Amelia hid herself behind a pile of props, in case Kerrigan Sheel came in. She could see him outside. Mr. Gastenstuber went to speak to him. She watched his high red head, shaken hard, slowly nodded, a flash of bright defiance to the world. She buried her face in the branches of a cardboard tree. The broken sobbing was resumed.

Amelia Howland was pretty. No one had ever denied that. Beautiful, really, with the innocent loveliness of young things: a child or an early spring. She had a small, sweet, oval face, fair and fine, with the bloom still on it like some rare, immaculate fruit. She had hair the color of honey and sun, that curled in fairy rings. She had a great, beguiling pair of brown eyes, velvety like the petals of a pansy, with gold lights in them. Amelia in brown made men look again, smiling. Amelia in blue tore their hearts right out and flung them at her feet. But when Amelia spoke they gathered up their broken hearts and fled.

Amelia had a little, soft, red mouth, with a lift and a promise of kisses. But when she opened that small, enchanting mouth Amelia's dreadful voice came out of it.

Amelia's dreadful voice was more than just a bad voice. It was a blare of trumpets when you expected a lute. It was a hurricane on a day made for a zephyr.

AMELIA sold tickets at a moving-picture theater. She sat in a wire cage, shoving pink checks under the grating, and smiled at the near end of the waiting queue. The men pushed hot faces against the bars and said, "Hello, cutie. Going out tonight?" Amelia never had to make excuses. All she needed was to say "Why?" And her admirers, according to their natures, mumbled, "Oh nothing. I just wondered"; or they hurried off with a word about the show's beginning; or they asked her to meet them on the corner. It was never necessary to refuse. Amelia knew they would not be there. She lost her job because the manager said that while she was selling tickets the patrons could not hear the orchestra. This was not true. But it shows what people said.

After that Amelia worked in ever so many places where you would not think a voice would matter. But always she found that it did. Always she found that men adored her with their eyes—and clapped their hands over their ears. She grew thin and miserable and chronically hungry.

One night when Amelia was a little thinner and hungrier than usual, she stopped at the corner drug store for some coffee. And while she was perched on her high stool, sipping it slowly to make it last, a man with his hat pulled down and his collar turned up hit the clerk on the back of the head with the ice-cream scoop and began to take the money from the till. A confederate in the doorway made threatening gestures at the customers with a black-looking gun—but he did not pay much attention to Amelia, because she seemed so innocent and harmless. And so Amelia, perched on her stool with her coffee mug in her hand, opened her lovely red mouth—and screamed.

WHEN Amelia screamed, the man in the doorway dropped his gun; while he was stooping to recover it, one of the customers pushed him, and another slipped into the street, and the police were there in no time. There was a lot of excitement. They took the two thieves away, and some of the others for witnesses. "Who screamed?" they kept asking. But Amelia did not say anything, and they never suspected that such a tremendous scream could have come from such a little, little girl. Presently someone took Amelia by the elbow, and she found herself in the street, looking up into a round, red face in a frame of broom-straw hair.

"Say, kid," the man beside her cried excitedly, "can you scream like that every time, or do you have to be scared?"

Amelia shook her head dumbly. He was a big man, in a fur coat which made him look even bigger, and he had the blatantly prosperous air that Amelia had learned to beware of. She gave her elbow a jerk. But he only held on tighter.

"Listen, kid," he said. "Wait a minute. Wait. I only want to know if you can do that every time."

And so Amelia screamed again—and showed him.

In the uproar which followed, Amelia—who, like most innocent persons, was mortally afraid of the police—permitted the big man in the fur coat to shove her into a taxi. She tried to slam the door shut on his fingers. But the fellow hung on, pleading, his straw-colored eyebrows jerking up and down grotesquely in his immobile red face, like puppets on a string.

"Don't do it again now," he begged. "I believe you. You can. Don't be scared. I won't hurt you. Don't run off and leave me. I want to talk to you. I want to offer you a job. See, now—you tell the taxi man anywhere you want, only let me come along. . . ."

Amelia had read once in a magazine that every handicap can be turned to an advantage. That night she believed it.

The man with the broom-straw hair and the active eyebrows in a still red face was, of course, Mr. Gastenstuber. He was something important in Cosmic Pictures, Inc. Picture people want funny things,

"Hello," said Kerrigan Sheel. "Hello," whispered Amelia. She had been so frightened it had knocked the voice clean out of her

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Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

sometimes. Mr. Gastenstuber wanted someone who could scream. Not a star. Not even an actress. Just someone who could scream, when screams were indicated, in a way to make the public blood run cold.

Mr. Gastenstuber and Amelia caught the train for Hollywood that night. The thing that she remembered best about the trip afterwards was that Mr. Gastenstuber took her into the dining car three times every day and let her order everything she wanted.

Amelia reached Hollywood with the clothes that she stood up in, fifty dollars that Mr. Gastenstuber had advanced her, and a pocketful of dreams. She had read of things like this. And now it had happened. She was in Pictures.

Hollywood was full of men, dashing and desirous—but they did not desire Amelia. If they knew of her at all, they knew her as the Howler.

By the time Kerrigan Sheel came, Amelia was probably the author of more anonymous noises than any other girl in America. She had been murdered scores of times, always offstage; she had shrieked in train disasters and automobile accidents and shipwrecks and fires and floods. She had figured as an ambulance siren, and the wailing banshee in a haunted castle, and the torture victim in a gangster film. But all this had not written her name in electric lights. One does not write, in electric lights, "Noises by Amelia Howland."

Living there, Amelia found Hollywood much like other places. People saw her, of course. They observed that her hair was the color of honey and sun, and her eyes were like brown velvet, and her lips were the shape of love. A thousand times she saw awareness of these things flame up in a man's eyes. Then she spoke—and she saw it die out again. Amelia was lonely in Hollywood, as only the young can know true loneliness.

And then Kerrigan Sheel came.

Even in Hollywood, Kerrigan Sheel attracted attention. He was so proud and bitter and devil-may-care, without obtruding it. He had come to Hollywood to be killed.

AMELIA saw him first, standing beside the wreckage of his plane. He had taken off his helmet, which was hanging from his fingers by a broken strap, and the wind was blowing his stormy red hair and his stormy blue eyes were scornful. He was very tall and very thin, with the thinness that is all wire and nails and nerve, and he was very brown with the brown of uncalculated exposure; Amelia noticed his chin, which was too hard to be so handsome, and the scar at the edge of his hair which spoke of some crack-up less successful than this one. Mr. Gastenstuber was shaking him by the hand.

"Pretty, Sheel," he was saying. "As pretty a wreck as I ever seen. Hurt any?"

"Thanks," said Kerrigan Sheel briefly. "No."

He laughed when he said it, a fine flashing laugh across white teeth; but the note of it was rueful. He turned to his waiting car. And he did not know that the dark little beauty rolling her eyes at him was the famous Mara Carnarven, or that the blond vixen pouting her lips so prettily was the famous Enid Ducharme . . . any more than he knew that Amelia was the Howler. Kerrigan Sheel had no eye for women. The stars in the Hollywood firmament had discovered that already.

Rumor had it that Kerrigan Sheel had been disappointed in love. Certainly something bad had happened to him. You could see that by looking at his eyes: wide-open, fearless, blue eyes, with an utter scorn for living in them; reckless, indomitable, play-the-game-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost blue eyes. That, and the way he held his head—a little too determinedly erect, as if he would not have dared to bend it down.

It happened at the time that there was a rage for airplane pictures, and the crux of an airplane picture, as everyone knows, is a satisfactory wreck. But since few of the Cosmic stars could fly planes really well—well enough, that is, to wreck them in an artistic manner—and since still fewer were ambitious to perfect themselves in the art, Mr. Gastenstuber had brought Kerrigan Sheel to Hollywood to stage his wrecks for him. Kerrigan Sheel knew more ways to wreck planes than most men, luckily, will ever learn.

It was only a question of time, of course, until he would be killed. That plainly was what he wanted.

AMELIA began by being sorry for him. He seemed as lonely, almost, as she was. And then it seemed a pity to spoil anything so handsome and brave and young. This was a very bad way for things to start, because it meant that she was thinking about Kerrigan Sheel instead of about Amelia. And that made her forget herself.

It was because Amelia forgot herself that she came to know Kerry.

Amelia had been eating a lonely dinner in one of those places frequented by the fringe of Hollywood's bright plaid. She could not go to more spectacular spots, because a lonely lady is conspicuous. When she came out it was raining. Amelia stood on the curbing, waiting for the lights to change. It was while she was standing there that Kerrigan Sheel came charging past her.

Kerrigan Sheel was not looking at the rain. He was not, certainly, looking at Amelia. And, most particularly of all, he was not looking at the traffic lights or at the crowding traffic. His thin, heedless face was tipped to the sky. He went plunging past Amelia, off the curb, into the passing blast of horns and headlights.

There was the shrill screech of a taxi's brakes clamped on suddenly and hard—and too late. In the split second in which there was still time to do anything Amelia did the only thing possible. She leaned forward and took Kerrigan Sheel by the slack of the coat—and pulled.

Kerrigan Sheel, caught unawares, was thrown completely off his balance. He struggled to recover himself, slipped on the wet pavement, and crashed backward into Amelia. They sat down together in a puddle.

"Hello," said Kerrigan Sheel.

"Hello," whispered Amelia.

IT MUST be said for Amelia that she was not aware at first that she was whispering. She had been so frightened by Kerrigan Sheel's danger, so startled by her own daring, so rudely and thoroughly bumped by the pavement, that it had knocked the voice clean out of her. "It seemed too bad," she whispered apologetically, "for you to be killed by just a taxi."

"Anti-climax," admitted Kerrigan Sheel dryly.

He turned then to look at Amelia more particularly. And he saw a small, sweet, oval face, all streaked with rain like tears.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't mean to hit you. Are you hurt?"

Amelia shook her head. Her hat had come off, and the movement made the lights glisten on her wet, fair hair that had the gold in it.

"Good," said Kerrigan Sheel, relieved. "Can you stand up? I'll find a taxi and take you home." When he helped her, the touch of his fingers under her elbows made warm little flashes like light run into Amelia's shoulders.

In the taxi, Kerrigan Sheel looked at her again. And although he was not susceptible to any feminine charms whatever, he could not help noticing that her eyes were very dark to go with such fair hair, and very large and guileless. He steadied her against the jolting of the cab. "I suppose," he said,

(Continued on page 42)

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A Question of Time

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By James Hopper

"Careful, Ella? I invented a new one. We're safe like two babies"

THE stalking was over, the long lying-in-wait; Bosco lay dead at his feet. It had not cost even a cartridge at the last; the automatic's butt had done the trick. Malfio straightened, and permitted himself a moment of triumph. "And you thought you could get away with it!" he railed down at the loose heap. "Hiding in this little burg! Like if I wouldn't follow you clear to hell!

"You're through, Bosco. Slinking and hiding and everything. You'll never double-cross no more. Never, no more, Bosco!"

It was then, like a flash, the great idea came to him. In the silence of the room a watch was ticking. It was in Bosco's pocket, the watch! And suddenly Malfio had the great idea. Jiminny crickets, what an idea!

He squatted. He extricated the watch. Eight o'clock, it said. He frowned in tense calculation.

He moved the hands a full hour around. "There!"

He laid the little instrument on the table, and tapped it with his automatic.

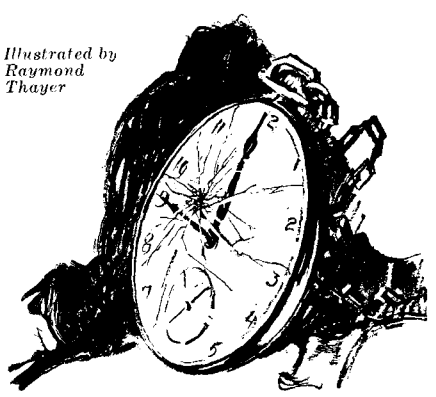
There! Perfect! He had done it just right. The watch was stopped. And the broken bits of crystal held the hands to their lie.

"Alibi!" his brain shouted. He squatted again and replaced the crushed timepiece in its pocket. The bulls, they would find it there. They'd say, "See? One of the blows landed there. That's the time it was done—the watch says so!" Smart bulls!

AND now to make good use of this hour he had manufactured all by himself. He slipped out, through the orchard and the wheat field; at the river he weighted his rubber gloves and galoshes and sank them; in ten minutes he was in the village. He neared the cottage where for six weeks he and Ella had been in ambush, playing the innocent honeymooning couple. And as he had expected, his neighbors, Pa and Ma Martin, were rocking on their porch in the cool of the evening.

"Good evening, Mrs. Martin—Mr. Martin!" He leaned on the garden gate. "How's the sciatica, Mrs. Martin?"

"Pretty tolerable tonight," Ma Martin called back from the porch. "Won't you come up and set with us?"



Illustrated by Raymond Thayer

Malfio went through the gate and sat on the steps. Behind him the two rockers swung with a little scraping sound. The summer day was darkening fast, and gradually the birds were ceasing to chirp. "Just like the Old Homestead!" thought Malfio.

They talked, everybody laughing, feeling good. And the hour passing. His hour. "Made it all my myself. For my own cute self. A-L-I-B-I, Alibi!"

He said cunningly: "What time is it, Mr. Martin? I left my ticker home."

"Most nine, I reckon," said Pa Martin. "Wait just a little. Curfew will be ringing."

Soon the curfew toned over the village. "Nine o'clock," said Pa Martin, and to the flare of a match set his watch.

"It's nice to be sitting with you folks," said Malfio. "But I ought to be going. Ella is all alone."

"Oh, set longer," they said.

Fatten the old alibi! Fatten it! "I'll tell you what, Mr. Martin. Hold your watch on me. I'll go at half past nine!"

He sat down again, the chairs resumed their rocking. And after a while he heard Pa Martin light a match. "Sorry, neighbor, it's half past nine!"

"Thanks, Mr. Martin. It's been a nice visit. Let's see. Got here about quarter past eight, now it's half past nine. More than an hour sitting on your steps, Mr. Martin!"

When he came into the cottage where for weeks he and Ella had been masquerading, she was sitting on the sofa, slack and bored.

"Back to the lights soon, Ella! Back to the old merry-go-round! Just a little while longer, now!"

Her eyes flamed. "You—"

"I done it!"

"No! Were you careful?"

"Careful, Ella? I'm one of them geniuses. Them Edisons. I invented a new one. We're safe like two babies."

"What did you do?"

"Busted his watch—put it back in his pocket—like it was smashed on him."

"What good's that?"

"I turned the hands around a whole hour first!" he said proudly.

She was still looking at him.

"And went and spent that hour with the Martins. A-visiting, Ella! A-setting!"

SHE did not see. Women are dumb. "Alibi, Ella," he prompted.

"Oh!"

"I'm all alibied up!"

When they were going to sleep, she asked idly, "Which way did you turn the watch, Mal?"

"Back," he growled. "Back a whole hour."

But in the middle of the night he felt himself ragefully shaken. A sharp elbow was in his ribs, a sharp voice in his ear.

"Mal! Mal!" It was Ella. "Which way did you turn the watch?"

"Good Lord, Ella—I was sleeping so nice! The watch? I *told* you. Back! A whole hour!"

What the deuce! She was out of bed, she was running about the room. She was throwing clothes on herself, she was throwing clothes into bags. She was screaming. "You fool! I might have known it!"

"Why, what's the matter, Ella?"

"Get up! Do you want 'em to grab you in bed? We've got to *beat it!* You turned the watch wrong, you boob!"

He lay there, his sleepy warmth turning to a cold palsy. What—had he really done that? He had been so careful, he had thought so carefully. "Ella, keep quiet, will you?"

He strove to remember. A picture came to him. He was standing on the rug, back there; he was turning the hands of the watch. And he was turning them—forward! It was all right, it was all right.

But abruptly came another picture, as clear. He was standing on the rug back there. He turned the hands. Back!

Oh, Lord, which had he done? Which had he done?

He was out of bed now. Standing at the window. "Ella. Look. It's still dark out there—"

She snapped the light on, then off again. "It's four o'clock," she said.

"Ella. His milkman don't come till six. I still got time while it's dark—"

"Don't go back there!"

"I've got to!" he shouted in sudden frenzy. "I've *got* to know how that cursed watch is!"

The little house in the apple trees, when he reached it, seemed undisturbed. He stepped within. The little room was still and black. And—yes—there was the blacker huddle on the floor. Everything jake, he was in time. He stooped; his long fingers pinched the watch.

AS IF this had been a signal, there was a sharp click, and he stood in a flood of clear light. There were two men in the kitchen door; they had guns turned upon him. "Put down what you got in your hand!" said the one with the goatee.

"It's that hick constable," thought Malfio.

"Put it down!"

Malfio put the watch on the table. He could see it clearly there; he could see nothing else. The little black hands were at right angles. Nine o'clock, they said.

He had turned them the right way! They had been just right all of this time! He had had his alibi!

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The Frightened Lady

By Edgar Wallace

The Story Thus Far:

STUDD, Lady Lebanon's chauffeur, has been murdered—strangled to death with a long red scarf—near Mark's Priory, the Lebanon ancestral estate. Scotland Yard has sent three men—Chief Inspector Tanner and Sergeants Totty and Ferraby—to investigate. Everyone at the Priory—Lady Lebanon, her eccentric son, Willie, her secretary, Isla Crane, and various servants (including Kelver, the butler, and two American footmen, Brooks and Gilder)—has been questioned; all, obviously terrified, profess to know nothing of the crime.

Among the suspects are Tilling, a gamekeeper, with whose wife Studd had (according to rumor) been having an affair; and Dr. Amersham, a sinister person who pays frequent visits to the Priory. Tilling disappears—and Amersham is murdered, strangled in the same way as Studd. Dramatic events, revolving around a room of mystery, follow. The room is locked. No one will produce a key. Without a search warrant Tanner cannot make forcible entrance; he prepares to obtain one.

Meanwhile, working quietly, the inspector has evolved a theory—he thinks he has solved the mystery. Assembling all his data, he dispatches them (in a sealed envelope) to headquarters—and the messenger who carries the report is attacked, almost killed, by someone who tries to strangle him—*with a red scarf!* Shortly thereafter, Mrs. Tilling is attacked by the same strangler; and Tanner, at last, realizes that he is matching wits with the most dangerous criminal he has ever encountered.

According to Kelver, the butler (who seems to know nothing of the crime), Willie is being maltreated. The boy is watched every minute; he is virtually a prisoner. Tanner questions "His Lordship" again. Before he has asked three questions, Gilder glides into the room. Tanner turns to the man. "What time," he asks, "do you go to bed?" Gilder merely stares at the inspector. He refuses to answer the question.

IX

GILDER," said Lebanon, "Mr. Tanner is speaking to you."

Gilder looked round with an affected start.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you were addressing His Lordship. I have no regular hours, Mr. Tanner."

"Do you sleep in this part of the house?"

Gilder smiled.

"When I sleep I sleep in this part of the house," he said.

Brooks came ambling down the stairs. There was about his movements a great weariness.

"It sounds as if you don't sleep very well."

"On the contrary, sir," said Gilder, with extravagant politeness, "when I sleep I sleep most excellently well."

Brooks was standing, an interested spectator, his big jaws working. He was a chewing-gum addict.

"Do you want anything?" asked Tanner.

Brooks turned his head slowly in the direction of the questioner.

"I just wanted to see if Gilder wasn't getting into trouble," he said lightly.

Tanner got up from the settle on which he was sitting.

"I'm not quite sure whether you're being flippant because I'm an unimportant visitor, or whether that is your natural manner."

Gilder hastened to explain.

"Mr. Brooks comes from America, the home of the free; from the wide, open spaces where men are men," he said elaborately.

He turned and stirred up the fire. In two seconds Tanner was behind him, had gripped him by the arm and spun him round.

"When people get fresh with me I sometimes put them in a space which is neither wide nor open, and certainly isn't free!"

He saw the look of resentment in the man's eyes and went on:

"Suppose I took rather a dislike to you two men, and I decided you knew a great deal more than you are prepared to admit about these murders? Suppose I were to hold you as accessories, and take you down to the station—tonight? You aren't smiling."

AND here he spoke the truth, for the two men were unusually glum.

"That would be a little embarrassing, wouldn't it?"

Gilder was taken aback, a little alarmed, if his eyes told the truth.

"Why, I shouldn't like to put you to that inconvenience, chief."

"It's no inconvenience at all. There are forty men in this park," said Tanner slowly, "all trained, skilled officers from Scotland Yard. They arrived by motor tender five minutes ago, and this house is surrounded. There will be no murder at Mark's Priory tonight."

He spoke slowly. Totty stared at him, his mouth open.

"And it would be a very simple matter to find the necessary escort for you. Have you any doubt on the subject?"

He took a whistle from his pocket and put it to his lips. Ferraby, watching, thought Brooks was on the point of dropping from fear.

"Now, chief, there's no reason why you should go to extremes," said Gilder. "If I've said anything I shouldn't have said, I beg your pardon."

He looked at Lebanon, who sat gaping from one to the other.

"Can I do anything for you, my lord?"

"Get us some whisky and soda, will you? You can go, Brooks?"

Brooks went up the stairs again a little unsteadily.

"Phew!" said Lebanon. "Is that true? Forty men? I say, what organization!"

"To be exact, there are thirty-six. I'm counting the chauffeurs," said Tanner.

HE WALKED round the back of an old couch, leaned on it and looked down at the master of Mark's Priory.

"When you were at Scotland Yard this morning you rather suggested that you yourself were in some danger, Lord Lebanon. Did you mean that? Have you had any sort of threat, or has anybody attempted to hurt you?"

Lebanon looked up in surprise.

"I didn't know that I'd suggested that," he said. He thought a while. "Lots of things have happened—odd little things that hardly seem worth talking about, but I think I can say that nobody has attempted my life." He smiled. "If they had I should certainly have died!"

Tanner now came to more delicate ground.

"Did you ever see your father?"

"Of course," said the other, surprised. "Not in recent years. He was a hopeless invalid. But when I was a boy—he was an ever so much bigger fellow than me, and terribly strong. There's a legend round here that when he was young he lifted a farm wagon out of a ditch."

"Have you a picture of him—a photograph? Is there one in the house?"

"No, I don't think there is," said the other slowly. "Curiously enough, I came upon an old snapshot of him in his invalid chair. I don't remember who made it, but it was between the leaves of a book in the library. I showed it to Mother and she tore it up without even looking at it."

(Continued on page 36)

Joseph M. Clement

The white figure came slowly down the stairs. Isla was talking, very quietly, very slowly

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Women are Never Satisfied

By Artie McGovern

Wide World

Mrs. G. H. Ruth, wife of the playful "Babe," takes up the manly sport

They are always making themselves over—boyish figures one year, feminine curves the next—and too often forget their health in the process. But good health and a good figure are natural partners. Mr. McGovern tells you how to work the combination

HOW long do you think it will take to make these changes in my figure?" asked the attractive young woman as she handed me a carefully compiled chart. A glance at the sheet left me somewhat stunned. "Reduce thighs ¼ inch," it read, "take 1⅜ inches off hips, 2¼ inches off waist, ¼ inch off neck and add 1⅛ inches to chest."

Curiosity got the better of me. "Where in the world did you get these figures?"

"Why, that's the difference between my own measurements and the Venus de Milo's!" And she really expected that she could be made over exactly in accordance with her specifications!

Desire for improved health should be the primary motive that sends you to a gymnasium. Women, however, are usually prompted by the hope of changing their physical appearance; they want to put on weight or, more likely, take it off. Some of them even think physical training can change their features!

In the attempt to remodel physical appearance, most women cling tenaciously to the fallacy that there is an ideal chart of weight and measurements for the individual's age and height. This is not so. No matter what your weight may be, if you are properly proportioned and have smooth, symmetrical lines, you have a beautiful figure. For example, two of my young women patrons who are twenty years old, are exactly five feet four inches tall. One weighs 118 pounds, the other 129. Both have perfect figures. The difference lies in the fact that one girl has small bones, while the other's skeleton is much larger.

No Magic Formula

If she is wise, the woman who has once reduced her figure to normal proportions will never again permit herself to become overweight. This does not necessarily mean a constant regimen of strenuous exercise, nor even adhering to a strict diet, but it does mean a sane, sensible organizing of her life to conform to the principles of good health. As a woman grows older, it is more and more difficult to lose weight, and the constant putting on and taking off of flesh will in the end exact its toll.

There is no magic formula for weight reduction. No medication can accomplish results without seriously endangering the health—barring, of course, those cases where glandular disturbances of one kind or another require skilled medical care. The natural, healthful, safe and sane way to reduce is to combine proper systematic exercise with sensible diet. Even then, if the exercise is not performed intelligently, with consideration for one's own physical condition, it can bring about harmful results.

Loss of weight through massage alone is pure buncombe. No superficial treatment can possibly accomplish the desired result. Fatty tissue must be burned up in the body by energetic, muscular activity. Reduction is accomplished from the inside out, not from the outside in. Massage may give a certain sense of luxury and relaxation, but the masseuse is the only person who ever lost weight through massage alone. Turkish baths, too, are not effective for permanent reduction. You may find that you have lost a pound or two after a Turkish bath, but this loss is not of flesh, but of the normal water content of the body by elimination through the sweat glands, and it will return twofold within an incredibly short time.

In the problem of reducing, nothing is more common than the desire to reduce large hips. Lack of proper exercise, incorrect posture, a sedentary existence, a general tendency to fat accumulation—any or all of these make for large hips. Most women use the lower legs and arms, and the upper parts of the body freely, but the hip muscles need special exercises to keep them firm and in correct proportion.

Keep It Up

I am giving you here some simple exercises which can be performed in your own room without need for special costume or equipment. They are designed mainly for the hips, thighs, calves and ankles, and although they will help to take off the extra inches, they are excellent, too, in that they give added strength to all the lower body muscles.

1. Stand sidewise to the wall at arm's length. Balance yourself with the left hand flat against the wall at about shoulder height. Shift the weight to the left foot, then swing the right leg in as large a circle as possible, without touching the floor until you have completed ten circles.

2. Reverse position of Exercise 1, standing with the right hand against the wall, and circle the left leg.

3. This exercise may prove difficult at first but it is excellent for teaching coördination and balance. Stand upright with feet together and hands on hips, then squat down on the right knee, thrust the left leg out to the left of the body, using the right hand as support. Return to starting position. Alternate from the right to the left and repeat ten times, counting each time you return to the starting position.

4. This movement is probably one of the best of all exercises for the hips and resembles in a sense the acrobatic Russian dance step. Squat down with the hands resting on the floor for support, and let the left leg slide forward as you try to sit on your right heel. Return to standing position and squat down, letting the right foot slide forward. At first it is often helpful to stand between two chairs, placing the hands on them for support, and then allowing oneself to go up and down. As it becomes easier, use only one chair, and eventually the exercise can be performed with no support other than that offered by resting the hands on the floor.

5. Stand upright with hands on hips,

(Continued on page 49)

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BEHIND HIS BACK..THEY CALLED HIM "HAL" (*and they didn't mean Hallelujah!*)

NICKNAMING him "Hal"! Oh, the ignominy of it! Oh, the gross injustice! Where did his friends get that stuff?

Why,...he detested "Halitosis" as much as the fellow who writes those mouth wash ads! He NEVER failed to use a good mouth wash . . . morning and night.

But he overlooked one important fact.

Excellent as it is, the morning mouth wash is not always an infallible all-day protector against unpleasant breath. Suppose you eat garlic before calling on your banker . . . or Limburger before stepping on the dance floor. There are many occasions . . . between the morning and evening gargle . . . when the breath needs to be re-sweetened and clarified.

If you want to keep up the good work your mouth wash starts in the morning . . . eat a few Life Savers during the day. How those unwelcome mouth odors will SCRAM . . . *and stay scrammed!*

•

LIFE SAVERS are the delicious ALLIES of the mouth wash. They "carry on" when the morning mouth wash wears off. They keep the breath sweet and fragrant ALL THE WAY 'ROUND THE CLOCK.

•

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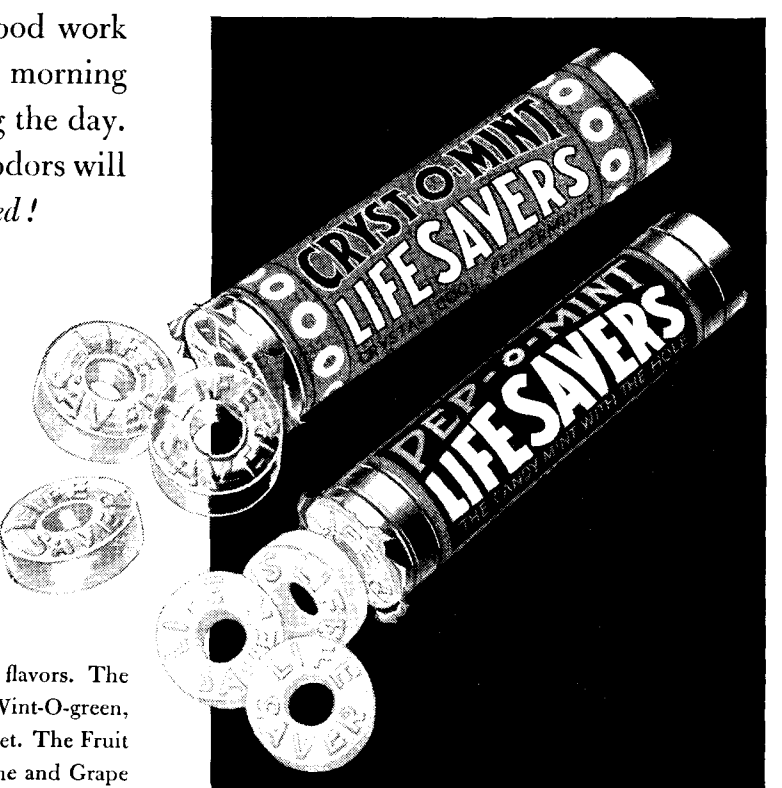

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I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp. ★

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Helping the Farmer Out

Continued from page 13

which, on March 31st of this year, there were outstanding $1,164,609,815 worth of those bearing the Federal Land Bank label and $536,410,260 of those branded Joint Stock.

But how do these two types of banks, both of which have the quasi-governmental power of issuing tax-exempt bonds, differ from each other? That can be briefly explained: The Federal Land Banks, of which there are twelve, make their loans chiefly through and with the endorsement of farm loan associations, which are chartered corporations with memberships composed exclusively of borrowers from Federal Land Banks. The farmer who obtains a loan from a Federal Land Bank must subscribe five per cent of his loan to stock in the association through which he gets his loan, and that association in turn must subscribe to a like amount of stock in the Federal Land Bank.

Pampered Pets

Thus, this whole scheme is one of co-operative, private ownership, with the coöperative principle still further evidenced by the fact that each bank is liable for the bond obligations of all the others. Furthermore, in contrast with the Joint Stock Banks, as we shall see in a moment, these Federal institutions are the pampered pets of the Treasury. They began life on a fund of a few millions borrowed from our national hoard, and, as business was very good at the start, they soon paid that back. Then trouble developed. Just what trouble is immaterial. Possibly the interesting fact that shortages, defalcations and other irregularities which bonding companies had to make good developed in connection with the administration of more than ten per cent of the farm loan associations may have had something to do with it. But in any event, the government has come across with about $600,000 per annum to help these twelve Federal Land Banks pay their overhead. For this annual contribution that they make to the Federal Land Banks the taxpayers get no return, even though those twelve banks, under their legalized one-per-cent spread already alluded to, and as indicated by the total of their outstanding bonds, should be collecting something in excess of $11,000,000 in gross profits annually from the farmers.

In comparison with the above-described set-up, that of the Joint Stock Banks is simplicity itself. Like the Federal Banks they are under the general supervision of the Farm Loan Bureau and they also issue tax-free bonds, but right there all similarity between the two abruptly ceases. The Joint Stock Banks are not coöperative; they are strictly privately owned, and as no endorsement from any organization is required on their loans they stand forth as actually independent operators in the field of farm finance.

Under such forms of organization, then, it would seem that these land banks would be very lenient with farmers. But they are not. On the contrary, as has already been indicated, now that a combination of "broke" farmers and low-priced bonds has produced a situation whereby the banks can foreclose mortgages with profit to themselves, and hence slight regret in any other direction, that is exactly what they are doing.

Nor do these instances of lack of feeling for the welfare of the farmer that have been cited represent exceptional cases. If necessary, the record could be made to teem with them. In fact, at a hearing held last March in Washington in regard to the activities of these banks, so much was brought out that was repugnant to his sense of justice that Chairman Henry B. Steagall of the Banking and Currency Committee exploded with the following remark:

"I wash my hands of all pride in the Federal Farm Loan Act and of all responsibility for it. I never dreamed, and I know the other men who passed that law never dreamed, that such things could come of it. If the officials of these banks will put just a little common sense and human sympathy into the administration of their institutions, and pay a little regard to the recent law giving them the authority to spread these mortgages over a period of five years, much good will come of it. As it is, the farmers have no incentive to try to pay out."

Nor was the good congressman's ire, as might have been the case, aroused by any testimony laid before him by dispossessed farmers. It was the bankers themselves who did it. One, for example, testified that it was the custom of his institution to take chattel mortgages on the personal property of delinquent farmers, thus rendering it impossible for them to secure credit elsewhere, and "thereby hastening," as one congressman sarcastically suggested, "the desirable foreclosure process." And yet another banker, Mr. Frank W. Blair of the Joint Stock Bank of Detroit, frankly admitted that by using money obtained from the sale of foreclosed farms his outfit had, in the preceding fourteen months, repurchased $1,125,000 worth of its own bonds at an average of 53. Thus, at the expense of goodness knows how many farmers, the Detroit bank made for itself in a little more than a year a profit slightly in excess of half a million dollars.

"But why not?" asked a congressman. "Those bonds represent your obligation to the public; the mortgages represent the farmers' obligation to you, and therefore why wouldn't it be entirely fair for the farmer to hand you back your obligation, for which you have already received par and hence are not out anything, and ask you please to hand him back his?"

"No, no," wailed all the bankers in chorus, "that wouldn't be fair, because it isn't legal."

"Fiddlesticks!" snorted the congressman. "I didn't ask you anything about the legality of the proceeding, because we can make a law that will fix that part of it. I asked you if it wouldn't be fair. Answer that."

Helping Themselves

There was no answer, and neither, as a matter of vital public interest, have the Federal Land Banks ever answered the question as to what they have done, not only with the $125,000,000 already referred to as advanced them from the Federal Treasury, but also with an additional $30,000,000 alloted them by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. All of this huge sum of money was intended to percolate through to the farmers and help them out. So far, however, it appears not to have done so. To be sure, the stated policy of the government is to extend additional credit to farmers, rather than to foreclose on them, and yet what has happened? During 1931 twice as many farmers were dispossessed of their farms as in 1930, and, in so far as the extension of additional credit goes, the land banks' own figures show that for the first six months of this year, even with the vast sums above mentioned available to them, their loans to farmers were only about half of what they were during the same period in 1931.

Naturally, then, this question arises: In view of the fact that it can be profitably done, have these Federal Land Banks taken any part of the funds that were given them for the aid of the farmers, and with them, bought back at a substantial discount, their own bonds?

Bluntly speaking, they have. To what extent this has been done I do not know, but I do know this: I know that when the Chairman of the House Agricultural Committee asked the assistant Commissioner of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau the direct question: "Have the Federal Land Banks used any of the recently appropriated fund for the repurchase of their own bonds?" the answer was "Yes."

A Better Way

Contrast the policy of the insurance companies, which hold about twenty-two per cent of the farm mortgages in this country, with that of the land banks and an interesting situation develops. On the one hand we find constructive effort; on the other, destructive selfishness. For example, in Iowa at the present time at least one insurance company that I know of maintains a flying squadron of mechanics—carpenters, painters, plumbers, etc.—which goes around to condition and keep in repair the houses, barns and outbuildings on farms which have been taken over, but whose owners, in most cases, are encouraged and allowed to remain thereon. These places are not being sold at auction by the insurance company. But now take a look at the Delta section of Mississippi—the richest agricultural portion of America—and note what is going on. Down there, where governmentally sponsored mortgage agencies reign supreme, farmers are being dispossessed by the score, buildings are falling to pieces and under the hammer of the auctioneers, who are disposing of even the chattels of the people, mowing machines are being sold for sixteen dollars, wagons for six and plows for as little as a dime.

The reason for this difference in policy is obvious. The insurance companies have been in the mortgage business too long, and have had too much experience with former depressions to want to be anything except lenient. They know that the values back of their farm mortgages are sound. Heretofore by keeping the farmers and their land together, and giving them time to work their way out, the insurance companies have weathered every depression they have encountered with no loss whatever on the gross total of their farm mortgages. Thus they are not disturbed or worried by present conditions.

The privately owned, governmentally sponsored land banks, however, are all panicky and upset. Apparently they don't know what to do. In their complicated rôle they are trying to serve too many masters. As private institutions they must pay dividends to numerous stockholders; as government agencies they must make records to which vote-seeking politicians can point with pride; and as their only method of achieving these two ends they have adopted the scheme of playing the bondholder against the farmer to the very serious detriment of both.

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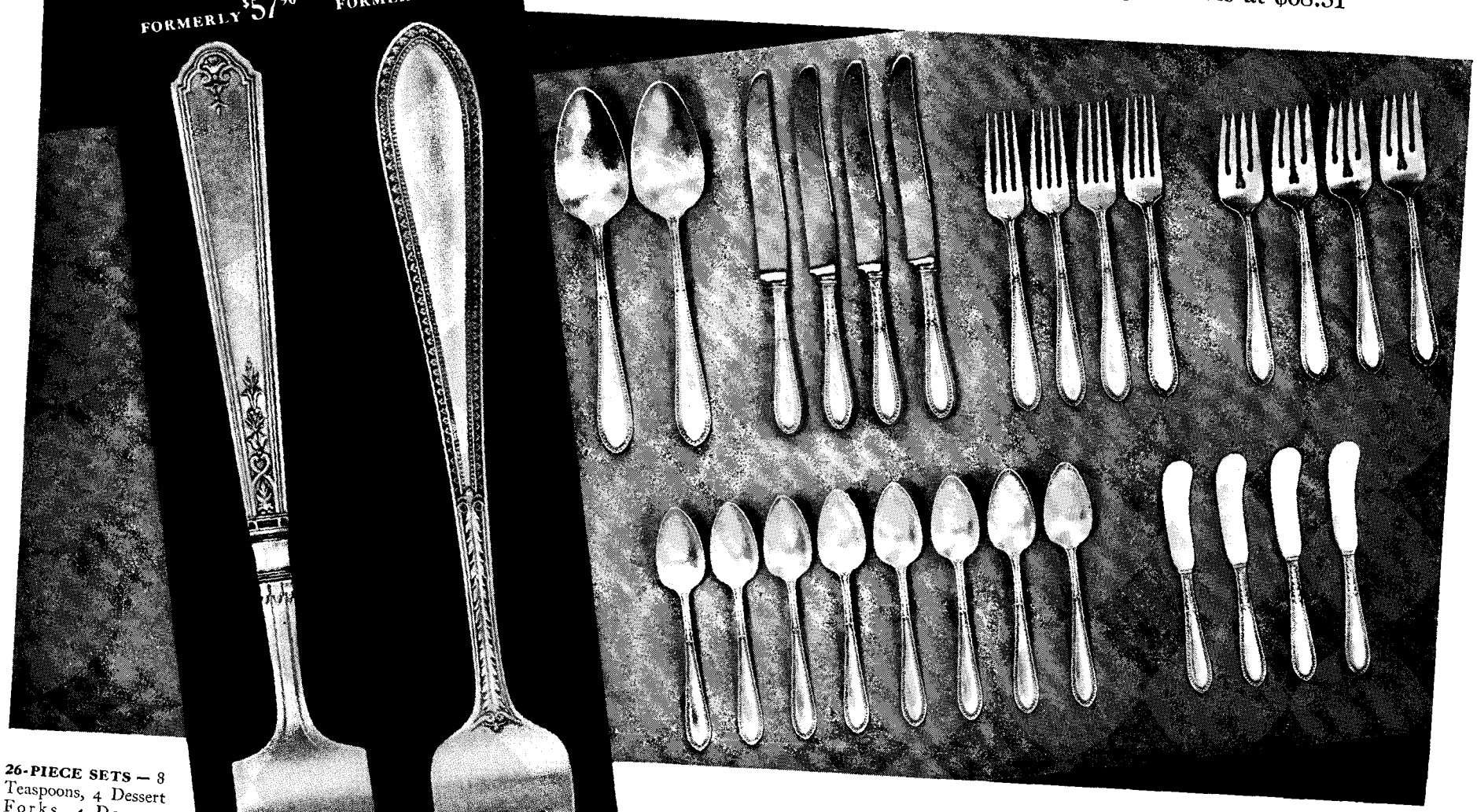

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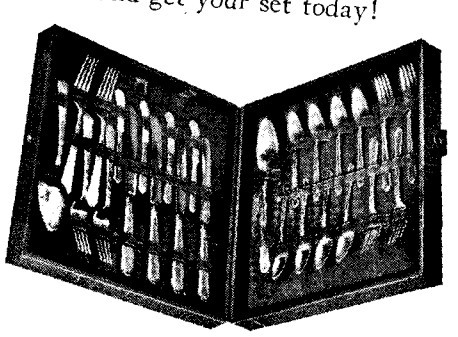

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 9

Flustered, and faintly resentful of it, yet not at all resentful toward her, he walked with her out upon the broad veranda and down to the green lawn. A swimming pool was on the right, tennis courts were on the left, but before them was a grassy sweep, studded with grand old trees. They strolled to a white, wide wall. Below them were the sandy beach and the waters of the Sound.

On the veranda gossipy couples stared.

"Myrna Dale. You remember old Simeon? My dear, she's incredibly rich. Young Meridew writes, you know. On some paper or other. He's interested in politics. Knows Mussolini and Ramsay Macdonald and—of course—all the politicians over here. Did you *see* the way he walked over and took her calmly away? Mortie Disston is running around in circles."

THE girl swung herself lightly to the top of the wall. She asked for a cigarette and Meridew presented his case and lighter.

"Well, tell me frankly, Mr. Meridew, what do you think of a girl who admits she intended asking to meet you and who is bold at the outset of the acquaintance?"

"I think I'm flattered," he smiled. His flustered feeling had gone now.

She laughed.

"That, of course, is gallant. But you intimated, a moment back, that boldness was not natural to me, and that therefore I must have a purpose."

"Did I say that?" he asked.

"In effect, yes," she said. "And I did."

She was, he felt, a shade too fast in her mental processes for him. Or, perhaps, he was not yet accustomed to her method of verbal attack.

"Did what?" he asked.

"Have a purpose. Oh, nothing very serious," she smiled. "You see—I read Manners and Men."

"May I have your autograph, Miss Dale?" he asked eagerly. "I've always wanted to meet the person who bought the copy of my book. It's funny—I knew, from the publisher's statements, that *someone* had bought it, but I never thought I'd be fortunate enough to meet him—or, rather, her."

"Did it sell so badly?" she asked.

"Oh, not badly," he grinned. "Not at all."

"Well, it should have been a success. I liked it. And I—I've been curious about you ever since I read it. I've wondered if—there was breadth in that novel, Mr. Meridew, and understanding. And yet I've read your articles in the Leader, and—I've wondered."

"At what?" he inquired.

"May I be critical?"

He smiled again.

"An author's public has a right to be critical, and you, Miss Dale, are my sole and whole public."

"Your book public, perhaps, although I won't believe it wasn't a best seller. And my criticism—perhaps it isn't that. It's a question, I think. Why is the Leader's correspondent so different in outlook from the author of Manners and Men?"

"Is he?"

"As different as white is from black. The Manners and Men author has vision. He sees the larger things of life; he understands that right and wrong are not arbitrary matters, that each changes complexion as circumstances change. He understands that life itself is flexible and that moralities and economics and the whole social scheme must be equally flexible if life is to continue."

Meridew smiled.

"Am I really as wise as all that?" he inquired.

She frowned, and he found the pucker at the corners of her eyes and the furrow in her forehead delightful.

"One side of you is," she said severely. "But the other side—the man that writes articles for the Leader—he isn't wise at all."

Meridew grinned.

"And I thought I was taking a pretty girl out to look at the spires of New York gleaming in the afternoon sun!"

She accepted the rebuke with a smile.

"Instead of which you are subjected to a scolding from a bluestocking. I'm sorry. I just—I hate to see men who aren't parochial seem so. There are so many great problems confronting our country—and world—now, that it seems to me that men who can *lead* thought ought not to follow the thoughts of others. We're in a depression, and instead of playing politics the country's leaders ought to be getting together—whereas you, who could be a leader, simply stick by your party and your paper. Because President Brockridge is the leader of your party, he can do no wrong."

"Can he?" he asked mischievously. "Don't you admire Brockridge?"

She shrugged an extremely shapely pair of shoulders.

"You're hopeless. Broad-minded in foreign affairs, but bigoted in local matters. Admire Brockridge? Yes, I do. I think he's wrong in many things and right in many others. Which shows my Yankee blood, doesn't it?"

He eyed her curiously. He had not thought of her, with her exotic eyes, as Yankee. Although that earnestness which had impressed him at first glance, almost, was certainly a salient part of her character, and was surely Yankee. But she wasn't what she had accused herself of being—a bluestocking. She was gay, flirtatious, charming and beautiful. And these latter qualities seemed, somehow, to be more her real self. It was as though her intensity was an assumed quality, something that had been learned, studied and practiced as one goes about a not-too-welcome task.

"I suppose it does," he said. "Although 'yes-and-no' is a quality hardly confined to one race, is it? But I do admire Brockridge. Have you met him?"

She shook her head.

"Have you?"

"I've heard him, of course, and seen him many times. But I never met him. And I'm anxious to."

He noticed a stir upon the veranda.

"Well," he said, "we'll both meet him now."

SHE slid from the wall on which she had been perched and together they walked across the lawn. As they strolled they could see cars in the driveway at the side of the great house, and Meridew recognized the presence of plain-clothes men.

He felt that queer thrill that always came to him when he was about to meet power.

And Brockridge was a power. Secret service men guarded him; interviewers hung upon his words; cameras recorded his every move and sound recorders his lightest word. Adulation, subservience, met him on every side.

Meridew wondered that any man could preserve his balance, his perspective, in the face of the homage that Americans rendered to a President. Then this speculation was forgotten as he mounted the veranda, Miss Dale at his side, and looked into the living-room.

Tilly Gentry was a great hostess. If personages from Europe visited America, they were entertained by Tilly. It wasn't, Meridew thought, that she was a lion-hunter as much as she was lion-hunted. The celebrities sought Tilly. In her own way she was a celebrity. A social leader, the wife of a man who, though young, was a power in finance by inheritance and by his own ability, celebrities gravitated to her drawing-room. And what more natural than that President Brockridge should drop in for tea on a Saturday afternoon? Week-ending twenty-miles away, it was not merely natural, it was inevitable.

He stood now, in the center of the room, greeting guests as they were presented to him by Tilly. Meridew glanced at his companion. Her eyes were fixed upon Brockridge, and there was in them an intensity that was quite out of keeping with the occasion. Myrna Dale must have met the great of the world in Europe. She was a cosmopolitan who spoke largely of such narrow things as nationalism. Surely she could not be excited at meeting even a President.

Yet she was! As definitely excited as a débutante might be over meeting Clark Gable or Gary Cooper.

"Is one presented to him, or is he presented?" she asked.

He chuckled.

"Ladies are presented to him, I gather. Shall we go in?"

SHE laid her hand on his arm and he felt her fingers tremble. They moved, as suddenly formal as if this were a state occasion, through the French windows into the great living-room. A moment elapsed before they were able to make their way through the press, and Meridew had opportunity to study the face of the President.

It was as American a face as he had ever seen, looking as if it had been carved out of granite by a sculptor who strove for effect rather than for detail. The chin and nose were prominent, the eyebrows beetling, and the forehead was high and had plenty of breadth. His hair was gray and he had a well-groomed appearance that consorted somewhat oddly with the ruggedness of his features.

They were handsome features, too, even if a trifle crude. Meridew could understand the President's popularity among women voters. Not that this popularity ever caused men to wink slyly or talk in innuendo. Brockridge's devotion to his invalid daughter was conspicuous; since her mother's death, six years ago, no woman's name had ever been linked with his.

Which was quite remarkable, Meridew thought. The man had charm, definite charm. One felt it at a distance. Big, broad-shouldered, healthy-seeming despite the faint lines of indulgence about his slightly sensuous mouth, he was the sort of person who would be sure to dominate any gathering, whether of men or of women.

Myrna and Meridew were near him now, and Tilly Gentry spoke to the President.

"Mr. President, this is Miss Dale," she said.

(Continued on page 28)

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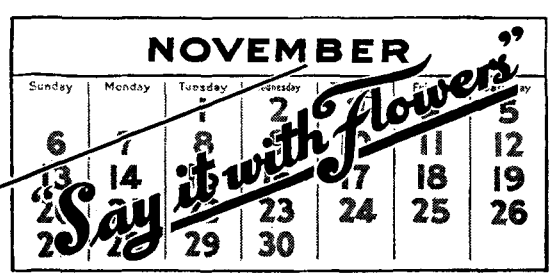
Whose anniversary is in



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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 26

"It is a great pleasure to meet you, Miss Dale," said Brockridge. His voice, sonorous on the rostrum, was modulated in this smaller apartment and was, Meridew thought, one of the most magnetic voices he had ever heard. His words were perfectly enunciated, and his only mannerism was a faint clipping of the last word in each sentence. "Not only because it is a delight to meet beauty, but because I knew your father."

Meridew conceded that the too-florid compliment was atoned for by the somewhat avuncular way in which it was uttered.

"Your father—Mrs. Gentry has told me who you are, Miss Dale—was a great man and a great patriot. Not enough people appreciated him in his lifetime. It is a never-to-be-forgotten sorrow in my life that I was one of those who spoke against him. Before he died I wrote him a letter explaining my misunderstanding and regret. He acknowledged it nobly. In the heated days of war we were prone to denounce those whose patriotism was not exactly like our own. When coolness returned to us, we realized that men may look at the same thing from different angles and each see truly though differently. I trust that Simeon Dale's daughter will forgive me as freely as he did."

It was overdone, and yet—gracious beyond belief. The President of the United States making public amends to the daughter of a man to whom he had already made amends! It was theatrical, but—swell.

Meridew glanced at the girl. Her eyes were filled with tears, and with an emotion, also, that was almost worshipping.

"I—I think, Mr. President," she said, "that—that you are too nice—"

Tilly Gentry, superb hostess, overawed no more by a President than by anyone else, intervened:

"And this young man, Mr. President, is Kendrick Meridew of the Leader. And don't you make him cry by being too nice to him."

The rugged face of Brockridge relaxed in a grin. Meridew, aghast at Tilly's daring, sensed at once that these were old friends.

"The Cabinet, Tilly, needs another officer. Secretary for Scolding. Will you take it?"

"You need it, you impulsive old dear," said Tilly. "And now everyone has had the honor of meeting you. Myrna, will you give the President tea?"

THE girl, Meridew noted, had completely recovered her poise now. Brockridge offered his arm. He was overgallant, Meridew thought, and yet it was an old-school gallantry and Meridew liked it. He himself would have faded into the background, but the President linked his other arm through his.

"You're doing good work on the Leader, Meridew," he said.

The young man flushed with pleasure. He leaned forward and glanced at Myrna Dale.

"Thank you, Mr. President. Miss Dale has scolded me so about it that I was feeling rather badly."

The President smiled.

"Let one who is scolded rather continuously by one paper or another assure you that you probably deserve it. For every bit of praise we merit, we deserve twice as much censure. Which seems as much seriousness as we should endure on so lovely an afternoon. I'll have lemon and no sugar, please, Miss Dale."

They had reached a tea-table now and Myrna deftly busied herself with the things upon it. They found three chairs close by, and Meridew noted that no one else of the gathering intruded upon them. That, he decided, was one of the pleasantest prerogatives of high rank. No one joined you, thrust their company upon you.

Brockridge, naturally enough, considering his age and position, took charge of the conversation. But he drew Myrna out, and the girl's early embarrassment melted away before the man's charm. And when, tea drunk, the President rose to honor other guests with his attention, Meridew suddenly found that he was no longer escorting Myrna Dale.

He was as adept as the next young man in cutting out a girl from a group, in preventing her from being detached from himself by other ardent youths.

But this man, of—at least—advanced middle age, deftly and without effort had detached Myrna Dale from him. For his life, Meridew couldn't have told how it had been done. One second they were, all three, together, and the next second the President had somehow monopolized her.

MERIDEW watched them as they moved from group to group. It was an odd monopoly. Other people were with them and yet, to Meridew, it seemed that they were alone. Other people spoke with them, and yet it seemed that they spoke only to each other.

He felt a queer pang of jealousy. Of course it was ridiculous. He barely knew the girl, and Brockridge was merely being nice to her, as an elderly man can be nice to a young woman. And the President's sensuous lips were not those of a man too amorous. They indicated merely a liking for the good things of life. Brockridge wasn't flirtatious. Yet, with all the aplomb and assurance of a man who knew and understood women, he had taken Myrna Dale away from Kendrick Meridew.

Tilly Gentry spoke to him.

"How do you like my Mark?" she asked.

"He's a personage," said Meridew.

"He's grand. I've known him since I was a little girl. And how do you like Myrna Dale?"

"As much, I imagine, as the President does," replied Meridew.

Tilly smiled.

"He *has* a way with him. He's always had it. But he doesn't know we women are alive really. Ever since his wife died he's been the loneliest man on earth, bless him. But you like Myrna?"

"A lot," he admitted frankly.

"I thought so," she said. "She's as nice as she looks?"

"Every bit," he replied.

"She's going back to town shortly. You might motor her in," suggested Tilly.

"The idea had presented itself to me," he grinned.

But when he went to ask her, she was walking out of the house with Brockridge and his entourage. Now how, he asked himself, did that come about? All the way back to town he kept asking himself that question. It was ridiculous, being jealous of a man close to sixty. But was it? When that man held the high office that Brockridge held?

But this sort of speculation, he finally angrily told himself, was stupid. Nevertheless, his mind refused to drop it.

(To be continued next week)

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Here Is That *Drugless* Way To Quiet Your Ragged Nerves

So Many People Are Asking About Today

How To Get 8 Hours' Sleep Every Night And Quiet, Peaceful Nerves The Next Day Entirely Without Drugs

IMPORTANT new discoveries have been made about the nervous irritability that's holding so many thousands of us in its grip today.

A condition that's gravely aggravated by the uncertainty of these troubled times.

But here's an amazing fact:—

No drugs need be used. No medicines employed. Just a simple food-drink provides factors essential to correcting this condition. You take it at meals or between meals—and *particularly* at bedtime.

So remarkable is the aid it offers that, during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered, shell-shocked soldiers!

And today this method is advocated by leading medical authorities in 54 different countries, to bring restful sleep and nerve poise to a worry-ridden world.

What it does is—first—to bring sound sleep almost as soon as you go to bed. Then it helps to rebuild nerve, brain and body cells *while* you sleep.

No more tossing and turning and lying awake; no hours of night-time worry.

You fall asleep as naturally as a child. And sleep your 8 full, restful hours.

Mornings you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. A new poise replacing those racing nerves so many of us wonder what to do about in these agitating times.

So that all may try it—a 3-day test is being publicly offered here. You can obtain one by simply using the coupon at right.

What The Method Is

This remarkable food-drink is called Ovaltine. Originated in Switzerland and now made over here, it is a balanced combination of vital food elements, prepared in easily-digested form to rebuild nerve, brain and body cells.

There are three reasons why it acts so effectively to break up the vicious cycle of sleepless nights and overwrought days from which nerve-irritated people suffer.

First: When taken as a before-bedtime drink made with warm milk, it tends to draw excess blood from the brain. Thus reducing mental over-activity—"conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burdens of a stomach that's over-taxed and "nervous"—the power to help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but provides the very factors necessary to reduce nerve irritation. Thus restoring nerve poise in a natural drugless way.

Start Tonight

So if you're nervous—irritable or run down—if you have trouble sleeping at night—*try* Ovaltine. Take a cup of it every night just before you go to bed.

Do this faithfully for one week as a test. Then take stock—note the improvement that's been brought about even in this short time. See how much more quickly you fall asleep at night—how much more nerve poise you possess—how much better you look and feel and *act*.

Then you'll *know* from your own experience exactly why 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine. And you will realize why millions take it regularly to maintain nerve poise as well as to secure sound refreshing sleep.

Start tonight. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Or mail the special coupon below for a generous trial supply.

NOTE: ***Ovaltine is highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children — and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
(If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 36-C
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day supply of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(Only one package to a person) 942

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula

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BOSTONIANS
PRICE REDUCTION
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LEADING MEN'S SHOE *now* $5

Lowest Prices in Seventeen Years
Formerly $7 to $10 Now $5 to $8

NO REDUCTION IN FAMOUS BOSTONIAN QUALITY AND CUSTOM STYLING

A STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE AND QUALITY FOR OVER 50 YEARS

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

SOLD IN EVERY CITY BY LEADING SHOE AND MEN'S WEAR STORES

Broadway Knight

Continued from page 14

airplane, show life dominated the entertainment part of everybody's existence."

Show business was more show than business with the folk in it when George Cohan was what they called "the candy kid" of Broadway. Fine old players like John Drew and Joseph Jefferson, not omitting mention of Denman Thompson and his perennial Old Homestead, played thirty-six-week tours through the country—something unknown after the movies invaded the field. They resented more than they resisted intrusion by the cinema. Economically, it was irresistible. The shows they headed cost from $20,000 to $50,000 to produce and bore not only the "nut" or overhead of first cost, but a salary list, author's royalties and carrying of scenery, baggage and railroad mileage; a minimum expense that necessitated top prices of two to three dollars for tickets in the provinces. Where they had a substantial overhead, the movie came along at five to twenty-five cents admission and hardly any overhead at all save for theater rental, and that far less expensive as a rule than rental for legitimate theaters.

The Wise-Cracking Vogue

Cohan, as progressive as any manager, had promptly switched from old-fashioned stage stuff of waving flags and other hokum in homeopathic doses, to pace his entertainments to the stride of the times. His comedies such as Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford and the amazing Seven Keys to Baldpate, his more serious pieces like The Miracle Man, and his musical plays like the Cohan Revue were all impressionistic and swift-moving.

Not only did he adapt himself to the newer pace of the newer stage, but he did something else professionally sound as well as sentimentally praiseworthy: a combination characteristic of George M. Cohan. He gave the newer talent opportunity. At the same time he incorporated talent of the older tradition in his most modern pieces.

Outstanding was Arnold Daly. Mr. Daly was stage sponsor for Bernard Shaw in the United States, till Cohan and Harris drew him to the more profitable popular theater and starred him in The Tavern.

Cohan explains that Daly was the old-fashioned type of genuine artist—typical of the legitimate school that loved intellect before intelligence.

"We paid Daly $1,750 a week," Mr. Cohan further explains. "That was, and is, large money. He received it for many, many weeks, and it gave me personal pleasure to see a real actor make real money. But The Tavern had run for nearly a year when Daly came to my office one day.

"'I'm going to quit your play, George,' he said."

Cohan wanted to know why.

"I'm fed up with this popular stuff," said Daly. "I've engaged the Comedy Theater for a series of Tuesday matinées. I'm going to do Ibsen's Doll's House."

Daly did just that, and starved.

Indeed, he declined many offers to play popular rôles. Two days before his tragic death in a hotel fire he telephoned Cohan.

"Send me five hundred dollars, George," he said, and hung up.

Cohan, figuring Arnold was on one of his periodical booze bouts, cut the sum in half. He had barely made out his check for $250 when there came a knock at his door. It was Daly's colored valet calling for the money. The boy departed. He had hardly been gone fifteen minutes when the telephone rang. Daly speaking:

"Georgie," he complained, "you forgot to include an I O U for the other two hundred and fifty."

Those were the last words Cohan heard spoken by one of the last grand masters of the American stage.

"Daly illustrates perfectly the temperament of the old-time stage star," says Cohan. "Although, unfortunately, he was not exemplary in thrift, as some of them were—David Warfield and Maude Adams, for instance, who conserved their fortunes.

"Women players were no less temperamental than men. When Jeanne Eagels was discussed among managers as a rising star, I told Augustus Thomas about her. Thomas was casting a new play and it seemed a splendid opportunity for Eagels to take the lead and make her reputation secure. I sent her to Thomas.

"She came back to me a day or two later. Asked if she got the job, she said: 'No. Your Mr. Thomas had me put on and take off a dozen different hats. I think he thought I wanted to be a millinery model.'"

George M. Cohan is a little regretful over the passing of the temperamental tradition, a little inclined to think that managerial commercialism has tinted, if not tainted, the stars.

"When I was a youngster in show business," he says, "every trouping outfit worked together and played together. On days when we had no matinée we'd all go together to somebody else's show—all together. A family spirit pervaded the theater. That seems to have vanished. It made for teamwork and reconciled minor jealousies. Now the problem is to get good people to get along with one another."

The newer commercialism of the theater has affected its people to such a degree that the old, pleasant comradery which even pervaded their envies and enmities seems to have vanished in a vogue for wise-cracking that may have a high content of wit but is devoid of geniality.

Cohan himself led in the antic spirit of old-time when New York's Astor Hotel was playground for the élite of showland, before the movie magnates nosed out the managerial and performing stars of the "legit."

Down to Business

This Astor haunt abounds in lively ghost stories that were then the living day-to-day play moods of the players, showing how those who amused the public were themselves amused. On one unforgotten occasion a hilarious party of diners, including Cohan, gazed out a window to observe a thunderer of the boards pacing up and down outside a theater on Forty-fourth Street. He was Robert B. Mantell. His brow was knit, his stride agitated. To numerous lesser players who saluted in passing, he gave no heed. Mr. Cohan suddenly initiated a demand for dessert.

"We'll have lemon pie," said he to the group at the table.

All ordered lemon pie.

"Complete pies for everybody," Cohan told the waiter. "Not just portions."

There were not enough complete pies to go around; but the four served proved enough for Mr. Cohan's purpose. The window was open. Four ready hands waited with four ready pies.

(Continued on page 32)

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APPROVED
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. . . THE FACE THAT'S FIT

Your name may not be on the ticket, but wherever you go you can be recognized as a candidate for the winner's chair. And let Williams Shaving Service help you in your campaign for success by keeping your face fit . . . your appearance at its very best.

Try first that mellow Williams Cream. It whips up quickly into a lather that softens the beard thoroughly and keeps it soft through the last razor stroke. It soothes and comforts the skin. Never mind what water, hot or cold, hard or soft, it doesn't matter. You have a velvet feel when the shave is done. Your face is clear, alive, alert. No after sting. For Williams is lather for the skin as well as for the beard.

Then a dash of Aqua Velva splashed on your still moist face. It tingles delightfully. It wakes and firms and tones the skin. Closes pores. Helps care for tiny, unseen nicks and cuts. Conserves good-complexion moisture. Protects from dust, germs, wind and weather. *Keeps* your face as the Williams lather leaves it,—flexible and fit, all day long.

Approved by face-fit men of all parties. Make Williams Shaving Service a part of *your* personal platform, too.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

You can't lose this cap

Williams
SHAVING CREAM—AQUA VELVA

MAIL THIS! *It will show you the way to Face Fitness*

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I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me free trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

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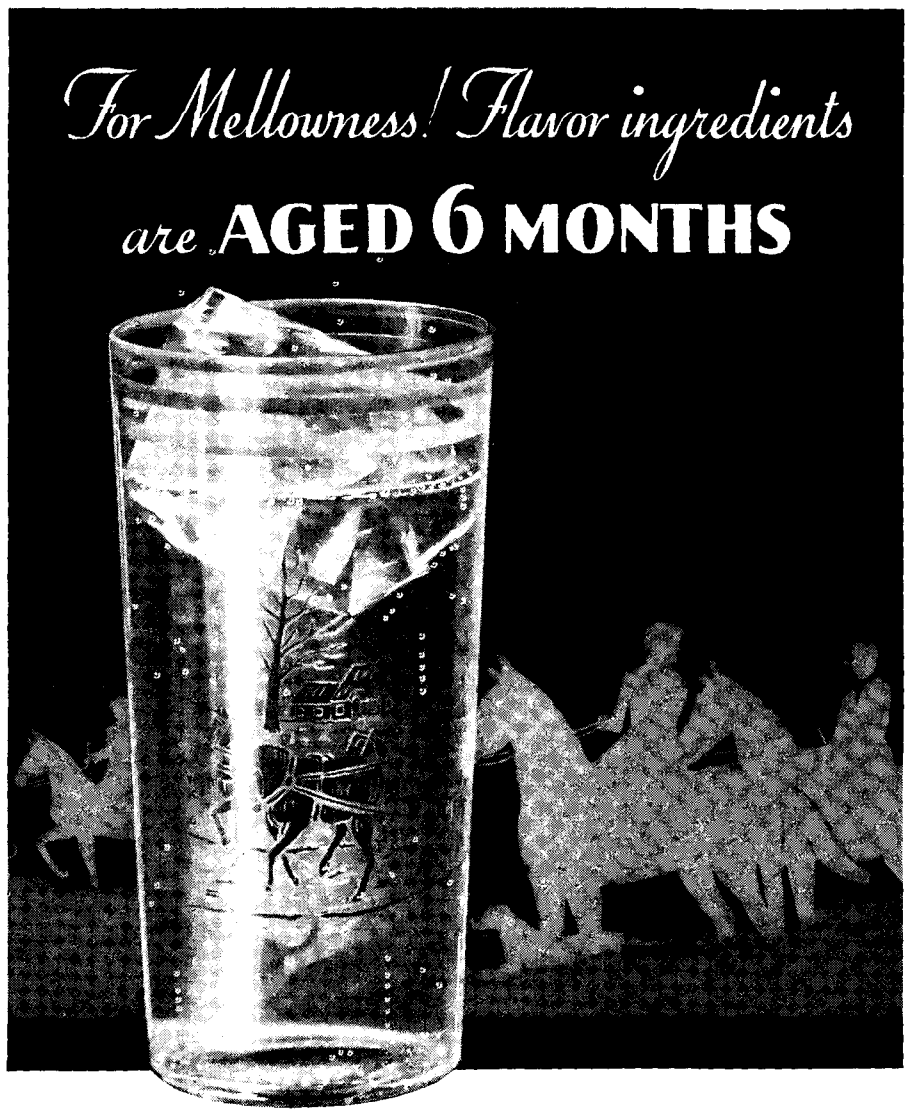

THE time it takes to perfect the flavor of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is not wasted. Indeed not! No hurried process could possibly accomplish the purpose. So choicest ingredients are *AGED 6 MONTHS* to ripen and mature while blending. Then, and only then, sugar and sparkling water are added. And at last it is ready for you to sip and to appreciate. *Aged flavor* is mellow flavor—the distinctive taste in Clicquot. Are you enjoying it?

That EXTRA Something: *Finest of real fruit flavorings . . . . . True Jamaica ginger root . . . . . Mellowed and ripened by Time . . . . . Pure refined sugar . . . . . Sparkling, crystal-clear water . . . . . Bottled in brand-new bottles.*

CLICQUOT CLUB
GINGER ALE

Three delicious blends PALE DRY · GOLDEN · SEC

Broadway Knight

Continued from page 30

As Mr. Mantell strode within range the four pies left the window. Two hit the target, and two were enough. Mr. Mantell retired. So did the diners.

But this old and antic flair not only faded before the tide of commercialism in the theater. Non-theatrical bystanders came to dislike it. So that the Astor, playground of the players, is so no more. It entertains only business showmen talking show business.

Talkies to the Rescue

From the time of John Drew's death he and the elder school of showmen date the passing of that old order, although its exit was the result not so much of changing sentiment as of stern economics. Theatrical business in the headquarters of the nation's theater, New York, had become largely a matter of real estate development.

"Broadway changed entirely," he says. "At one time there was not a solitary theater on Broadway playing to a regular show. All were occupied by talkies.

"The theater was drifting so badly that show press agents tried to organize an S. O. S. (Save Our Stage) relief committee to keep the spoken play from oblivion.

"Its survival of the silent movies, and now of the talkies, has proved that it will survive. But it cannot be the theater of old. It's altogether too expensive to experiment with new plays unless there's solid financial backing—like this man Davis who ran The Ladder free to the public and at an enormous loss to himself because he wanted to get over his propaganda of regeneration."

It's common knowledge that about half the shows that hit Broadway are financed by non-theatrical interests with artistic pretensions or personal interest in members, usually female, of theatrical casts. Many of the other plays are subsidized by the movie interests that give them a New York run to have a talking point for the sale of pictures. This has proved a boomerang. In the case of one successful Broadway play, Five Star Final, the movie rights were sold for a large sum. The movie producers scheduled the film for a run in key towns—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and so on. To their surprise the stage-play producers planned production simultaneously or in advance of the talkie show. The movie men had to buy the privilege of first appearance and thus add to the overhead. A pleasant revenge for the spoken theater over its younger and more aggressive competitor; but one that will not last long, you may be sure.

"The old spirit of the theater," Mr. Cohan concludes, "is definitely gone. A generation of playgoers who liked roast-beef-and-mashed-potatoes entertainment is dwindling. The newcomers are sophisticated. The pay-dirt in the theater is enough evidence of this. True, certain types of plays have a following; but the business of putting them on is too expensive. I produced The Yankee Prince for fifty thousand dollars twenty years ago. Today a similar musical production would cost $175,000 before lifting a curtain.

"People don't go around and fall into theaters the way they used to. The public's short, and serious plays have dropped their followings to the proportions of a cult. Of course, there are freak successes; but as a business the theater—in a day when theater rental costs twice as much as it used to and general salaries have also doubled, and even mechanical help such as stage carpenters and stage hands receive $200 and $100 a week—is more and more a speculation even when you're sure of a good thing. I, for one, rarely am. I turned down two smash hits, Broadway and Is Zat So? because when I read them I didn't believe anybody acted in real life as they did in those plays. The public believed differently.

"The show business, so far as the spoken stage goes, will have to grow as businesslike as its competitors. For twenty years my offices have been in the same building as my lawyers' offices. I've been in the lawyers' a thousand times in that period, in my own office only half a dozen, because I found theatrical offices were principally filled with waiting players looking for jobs and a staff of bright young men who smoked cigars and smacked typewriters and talked of everything but the business—horse-racing, prize fights, baseball, prohibition, the weather—anything but how to get good plays, to stage them well and make them pay.

"The hope of the spoken drama is the thing that almost killed it—the talkies. They are reviving the human appetite to see human beings in the flesh and to hear them speak normally, not through machines."

The same talkies made a spectacular effort to secure the same Mr. Cohan exclusively for their service. At a grand hotel in New York cameras depicted his signing of a contract to earn a fabulous sum as a Hollywood generalissimo. He left for California by way of Chicago. In the Windy City he paused to play and reflect. The result was that he called in the movie magnates and tore up his contract.

Past the Experimental Age

Mr. Cohan has no apologies to make. You remark, anent that incident, that the old stage spirit will survive in those born to be players and who will carry the torch no matter what mechanical entertainment may do to disturb it.

Mr. Cohan leans his head to one side, his favorite mannerism on and off stage.

"I wouldn't know where the talkies are going," he says. "I played in the silent movies—did Broadway Jones and one or two other things. Frankly, it was like shadow boxing to me. With voice added it seems to me to be just shadow boxing again, with sound.

"But don't fool yourself. These talkie producers are no fools. When the critics panned their first productions, they didn't stop. They threw more and more money into sound pictures because they believed the public wanted more and more realism in their pictures, and sound supplied that. That is why I believe the talkies will stimulate public appetite for the real flesh-and-blood theater."

George Cohan's personal fortunes are not involved. He speaks disinterestedly. He controls a chain of Mid-Western theaters devoted to talkies; he can step into Hollywood at any time and name his own figure. But he's for the legitimate theater, first and last, because that's his medium.

"I tried once to get the elder Guitry to come to America," he says. "I'd seen him perform many times. In my opinion he was the greatest actor of his day. Negotiations ended when he said to me one day:

"'Monsieur Cohan' (he called me 'monsieur'), 'I'm old enough to avoid experiment.'

"So am I."

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The Amateur Husband

Continued from page 11

Three blocks later, he thought of his cellar door. Sometimes Mary forgot to lock it. If it was open now—

It was. He groped upward into a hall behind the kitchen and a rear staircase and came out stealthily in his bedroom, where he locked the door. Having set down his shoes with a velvety touch, he tenderly rubbed his feet and advanced upon the General.

The General looked crumpled. Ken abstracted three one-dollar bills to replenish his wallet and found a slip of paper on the twelve cents remaining. It said:

"Extra bridge table, cards and score pads. Ken, darling, I simply had to sock the General for these. The Equipment Fund has passed out completely. I do hope I'm getting the hang of it. You did say, didn't you, that any budget through the week that expired prematurely could call upon the General for military aid? M. M."

He wrote stonily on the back:

"Yes. Unforeseen loss at contract, three bucks. K. M."

"I am not at all well, Mary," he explained with dignity at one o'clock. "That's why I sneaked up and locked the door. I hope to heaven I'm not getting the flu."

A complication set in immediately. Dr. Jim, summoned by telephone, came over and took a look at him.

"Temperature O. K.," he commented. "Hum. Pulse kinda flighty," he added, puzzled. He left some pills.

The second and third Fridays were simpler. Paul was out of town. Moreover the bald old citizen, Mr. Gates, had stiffened his waning resolution by flattering comments on his sense. Mr. Gates, a bachelor, knew all there was to know about women, having avoided them all his life. Ken stuck stubbornly to the City Club until one o'clock and found his windows dark and his wife asleep.

There were moments when Ken Mallory wondered if the younger crowd in Eldridge ever slept. Mary's popularity had begun to appall him. They lived perpetually in an atmosphere of pealing telephones. Country Club dinners and dances and motors throbbing beyond the door. Ken himself was beginning to fall asleep in trains.

ON THE third Friday night Ken went to the City Club, and won five dollars at contract. He paid the General.

"I paid him too, Ken. Yesterday," Mary murmured drowsily from the bed. "I wangled it out of the table. That brisket meat Aunt Ellen told me about costs practically nothing."

"Paid him!" Ken said slowly. "The darn' guy only had three cents and an I O U when I sweetened him up."

"I hit him again this morning," Mary explained. "Ken, Paul brought with him some howling swell from Boston. Webb Colfax. He said he knows your boss."

"Paul! When did he get back?"

"Tonight, late."

"Oh."

"Ken, I thought we agreed not to play contract for money."

"I paid the General back," said Ken stiffly. "And I didn't roll him again the minute I got him paid."

"My heavens," Mary grumbled, "I've knocked him flat before. I always fix it up."

"Sure!" Ken said. "And I'll eat brisket, whatever it is, while a bunch of dumb-bells every Friday night eat all the budgets out of joint."

"Budgets!" said Mary hysterically. "Budgets to right of me. Budgets to left of me. Blueprints and budgets!"

"If you mean those blueprints I made for you when fish and fruit and vegetables are in season—"

"Ken!" Mary impulsively held her hand out. "Are we quarreling?"

"Lord, no!" he said, shocked. She was suddenly in his arms.

THE General by the following Friday night was entirely solvent. Ken was not. His personal budget, he was beginning to find, needed readjustment. Furthermore Paul Fletcher, he told himself on his way to the train, was keeping him out of his home nights. If he stayed home Friday—any Friday—Eldridge would snicker and say he was jealous.

"All I can do," he reflected moodily, "is wait for him to show up some Friday night when nobody else is there. Let him try that. Let him try it!"

Meanwhile the Friday widow's companions respectably numbered from ten to twenty, half of them married.

"I met Mr. Gates on the train," Ken said at dinner. His mood was still dark.

"Awful!" Mary exclaimed. "I didn't even know you knew him."

"I don't think he's awful at all," Ken said, annoyed. And then they quarreled about Mr. Gates. . . .

That night Ken took the General with him to mingle with men. His I O U was a reckless:

"What the Hell? K. M."

The library having proved impracticable, since it threw him on the world at ten o'clock, Ken descended hotly on a lesser moving-picture show. He slept profoundly through the whole performance and emerged groggily at eleven o'clock so emotionally angry with Mr. Gates that even the thought of the City Club upset his stomach.

Well, that was out. Moreover the bleak problems of unemployment in Eldridge had filled the Eldridge News with tales of petty thieving and Mary had learned to lock the cellar door.

It was at that minute that Ken thought of Dr. Pennington's woodshed.

This woodshed, a relic of the days when the old Pennington homestead had been the central part of a village, was tucked away behind a hedge of lilacs. It was never locked.

As the chimes of a church were striking the first quarter after eleven, Ken entered it furtively.

Then, unutterably depressed, he stretched out on a long low bench against the wall and went to sleep.

He awoke at five minutes of four wondering apprehensively at what age you get arthritis. All of his bones and muscles ached. He was not at all sure, in his bedroom, that Mary was asleep.

He was positive in the morning that she would never ask him where he had been.

They were dark days. Too cautious. Too polite. Mary, he found, had written on the back of his paper substitute for all of the General's cash:

"Ken, please! What on earth is the matter with you? Nobody seems to know. M. M."

"So," Ken thought, outraged, "they discuss me!" . . .

On the night Ken's neighbor, Dr. Jim Pennington, locked his woodshed the Eldridge News in an editorial had

(Continued on page 34)

"Your skin is marvelous, dear

those new Yeast Tablets have done wonders for you!"

HERE'S the up-to-the-minute form of yeast, scientifically pasteurized, that builds new health and beauty. Thousands are eating it every day to rid themselves of bad complexions. It is giving remarkable results in case after case.

You, too, can enjoy a clear, smooth skin and fresh, glowing complexion this new way.

Yeast Foam Tablets cleanse your skin from the inside. They improve your complexion by correcting the underlying causes of skin blemishes and dullness. They give tone to your nervous system, regulate the digestive and intestinal tract and help to build health and vigor that will make you charming and attractive.

In this yeast are certain vital food elements. These elements are sadly deficient in the average everyday diet. In many of the most common foods, they are entirely lacking. Few persons really get enough for maximum health. These precious elements are the vitamins B and G.

Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh for Months

Yeast you will like

Pure yeast is the richest known food source of these wonder-working elements. Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast and nothing else.

The yeast in these tablets is very different from ordinary yeast. It has a pleasant, nut-like flavor and it is pasteurized. Thus it keeps, stays fresh and, very important, too, cannot cause gas or discomfort. And it is always uniform in quality and vitamin content. This is the yeast that is used by certain laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Get new skin beauty now

It costs only a few cents a day to keep yourself supplied with this unique tonic and corrective food. All druggists sell it —50c for a 10-day bottle. Get a bottle of Yeast Foam Tablets today. Begin now to build radiant health and new beauty!

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Clears up complexion bad for three years: *"My face was broken out for three years. I couldn't find anything that would help me until I began taking Yeast Foam Tablets. Since then my face has cleared up wonderfully."* FENWICK, MICHIGAN

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Big improvement: *"When I started taking Yeast Foam Tablets, my complexion was very bad. Now it is much improved."* OCEAN BEACH, CALIF.

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On The Air Every Sunday Afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Standard Time, the melodious "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ *and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.*

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NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO., 1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular. C10

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Address _____

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(Continued from page 33)

warned its startled subscribers that thieving was growing worse. Six new policemen had been added to the force.

Ken, locked out, lingered for some time beside the woodshed door. He felt discouraged. It had been snowing steadily now for the better part of an hour. Already the roofs were white. In the dim white twilight, the windows of the little Spanish house beyond the doctor's garden gate were mockingly gay and yellow. There was a light in the kitchen.

Mary. Mary was in there probably making sandwiches for Mr. Fletcher and his doting friends!

Snow blew against him as he moved back stealthily along his neighbor's hedge.

"Drug store. . . . Hot chocolate," he muttered shivering. "Lord, I'm chilled to the marrow."

The nearest drug store was closed and cheerless. He angrily rattled the door. When nothing came of it, he turned up his collar, pulled his hat down over his eyes and plunged back homewards.

Somebody in his absence had come out and put up the top on Paul Fletcher's roadster. The rest of the cars were closed.

"I've taken her away from him once before," he thought fiercely, anchored across the street, "and I can do it again. I'm going in. I don't give a continental what they think or what they say. If they want to think I'm jealous, let 'em. I am."

PATROLMAN FOLEY at that minute, on the first beat of a new job, was standing behind a tree. He had observed under the corner arc-light, as Mr. Mallory passed, the sinister angle of his hat.

Ken, midway between the rear bumper of Dick Twitchell's sedan and the dimmed lights of the roadster, was heading for his curbstone when his path was blocked.

"Come out of that!" barked Mr. Foley.

"Come out of what?" Ken flared. "What the devil are you talking about? Get out of my way!"

"Now listen, buddy," snapped the patrolman, "Headquarters knows all about you. There's been a shady guy with a hat like that prowlin' around this neighborhood late at night for quite some time. Folks have telephoned in. You've been seen sizin' up young Fletcher's car and skulkin' around in Mr. Cooper's hedge. Furthermore, I followed your tracks tonight to Dr. Pennington's woodshed."

"You damned fool!" Ken exploded. "Put down that gun! Fletcher this minute is a guest in my house."

"Oh, yeah?" Foley inquired cynically. "Well, if that's the case, we'll move right up and ring the doorbell and get him to identify you. How do you like them fish?"

"Better yet," Ken retorted, boiling with wrath, "we'll use my latchkey."

"Huh!" Mr. Foley grunted. "A maid could slip you a key. I suppose you think I'll fall for this and let you duck right in and through."

Ken banged back the door, swearing under his breath. A film of cigarette smoke floated into the street. Beyond the Moorish doorway a man's voice, in a babble of laughter and voices, was groaning aloud:

"Holy smoke! . . . And I'm vulnerable."

"Watch your step, Paul!" Gil Thurber roared. "The joint's pinched."

Paul stared once at Foley and leaped up, overturning his chair. Four tables of contract froze into silence. Mary was not in sight.

"Fletcher—" Ken said.

"This bird, Mr. Fletcher," Foley cut in officiously, "was out there snoopin' around your car. This ain't the first time either. He says you'll identify him."

"Never saw him before in my life!" Fletcher said.

"Where's Mary?"

"Upon my word, Officer," Paul Fletcher exclaimed, lazily stubbing his cigarette in an ash-tray, "he is brazen. He seems even to have picked up Mrs. Mallory's name. I'm sorry she isn't here to show him up. I don't know where she got to."

KEN wheeled so quickly that he had reached the porch before the startled policeman overtook him.

"Officer," he said in an even voice, "you will take me over, this minute, to Dr. Jim Pennington's. Or this will be your last night on the Eldridge police force. I don't mean maybe."

The identification on the doctor's doorstep upset both the doctor and Mr. Foley. The doctor came out hurriedly and closed the door. He had brought Mr. Foley into the world.

"My good gosh, Gus," he exclaimed in disgust, "how long have you been a cop? Ken, you go on into the office and wait for me. And don't make any racket. I got a patient upstairs."

Mr. Foley, he reported, had left his porch, depressed.

"I suppose," Ken said drearily, "Mary went off in a car with somebody to buy some junk for the crowd to eat."

"Mary's here," grunted the doctor. "She's upstairs in her old room."

Ken's eyes darkened with panic. He moved rapidly toward the door.

"Hold your horses, son," the doctor counseled. "She hasn't left you. She's asleep. That night club she started seems to be gettin' on her nerves. First time in my life I ever knew Mary to have hysterics. I put it down on the chart. You kids been quarrelin'?"

"Most of the week."

The doctor grunted: "You're both too much in love. But hanged if I can make out why you been sleepin' in my woodshed."

Ken groaned.

"If you and Mary aim to keep on sleepin' around promiscuous like this, you in particular better quit smokin' swanky cigarettes with your initials on 'em. Old Maggie found one in the shed and last Friday night I sneaked out and took a look at you, sleepin' like a log."

"Then you locked me out!"

"You bet I did!" said the doctor heartily. "I figured the sooner all this hocus-pocus came to a head, the better off we'd all be. What's got into you, son?"

Ken swallowed his pride and told him.

"Humph!" muttered the doctor. He rose and packed his pipe. "Far as I can make out, you've been tryin' to act like an old, professional husband when as yet you're the rankest amateur. How'd you come to get so wrought up about Paul? Every night he's been there Amy Wells has been with him. Even Paul wouldn't drag along a girl he wants to marry if he was chasin' after Mary."

"Marry!" Ken said slowly. "I've seen them together, of course, at the Country Club but I—had no idea—"

"Mary didn't tell you?"

"No."

"Hum!" said the doctor with a narrowed glance. But Ken had vanished.

The doctor closed the door, looked at his pipe and grinned. Presently he pulled a paper out of his desk, marked "Kenneth Mallory, height 5 feet 11 inches," and read it through with satisfaction.

"I want a cheerful, tactful card—to break my engagement"

Gilbert Bundy

"HONEY," Ken at that minute had his wife in his arms, "don't cry like that. Don't, please!"

"Ken Mallory," Mary wailed. "I'm sick to death of running a night club. I'm sick of emptying ash-trays and robbing the General and—"

"If only," Ken said, "you'd told me before!"

"I was too hurt. Oh, Ken, why did you have to call it 'your night off'?"

"I was—sore. It's all my fault."

"It isn't!" said Mary recklessly. "It's all mine. If I hadn't told Paul to drop in Friday nights! I've known all along, Ken, that you were jealous of Paul. I—I did it to punish you. It was scummy and maybe next Thanksgiving, Grandfather says, you'll have a son!"

His appalled face lost all of its color.

"Mary!" he protested. "We can't possibly afford it."

"I told Grandfather he wasn't on the budgets and he hit the ceiling."

"I figured in about three years we ought to be able to swing it—"

"Grandfather says, Ken, you can't possibly blueprint a baby. Don't you think James Kenneth Mallory is a wonderful name?"

"James—Kennеth—Mallory," Ken repeated. He suddenly grinned. "Yep. It sounds pretty swell to me."

The banjo clock in the doctor's hall was striking half past one when a dry, exasperated voice inquired at the foot of the stairs: "You kids got a home?"

Ken came downstairs with a quick apology.

"Well," grumbled the doctor, "as the future father of my great-grandchild, how do you feel?"

"Pretty flat," Ken admitted, wiping back his hair. "I picked a heck of a time, didn't I, to get temperamental?"

"Ken—" the doctor's lowered voice had in it a man-to-man quality of which Ken was sorely in need, "did that hussy *ask* Paul to drop in Friday nights?"

"She says she did."

"I thought so. Mrs. Mallory in the morning will have a long, long talk with her grandfather. And, son, maybe you better read what I wrote at the bottom of that record of yours the first time I saw you." He switched on a light above his desk. "There. Under 'Impressions.'"

Ken read: "Physique, excellent. Mind—quick, keen, emotional and highly imaginative. Successful too young. It has made him somewhat complacent and a trifle bumptious. Ought to have a lot of sense at thirty-five."

"YOU'RE right," Ken said. "I was pretty complacent."

"The reason I thought you better read it," apologized the doctor, "is this baby you forgot to budget. Mary will likely be strung up at times and unreasonable—"

"I'll—stand by," Ken said.

"What about this cussed night club? That's out—"

"If they find me there," Ken said, "they won't hang around. They—don't even like me."

"Oh, that'll blow over!" the doctor exclaimed. "You've sort of been in the enemy's camp, Ken. All of these kids grew up with Paul and Mary. They wanted Paul to get her. Besides, young married folks here cling together first-off like turtle doves. They didn't understand your kinda fancy start. Maybe with a mind like yours you better wait until you get a little older before you fuss around with any more theories. Most likely by that time if you want to hang around the City Club with Old Gas-Bag Gates, Mary'll be glad to get rid of you."

Ken shuddered.

At eight o'clock Friday night he was piling logs on the wood fire in the living-room.

That autocrat of the future, James Kenneth Mallory, Jr., had already taken over the minds and changing lives of his parents. Ken, with an incredible weaving sense of a future of which Mary and Mary's child were forever a part, was beginning to read articles on the train about the proper care of infants.

By some maneuver, which he called "putting a flea" into somebody's ear, Dr. Jim had routed the night club.

Outside wind and rain were tearing at the windows.

"Honey," Ken said, "maybe tonight we better readjust those budgets."

"Maybe," Mary said hopefully, "the General will pay for the baby."

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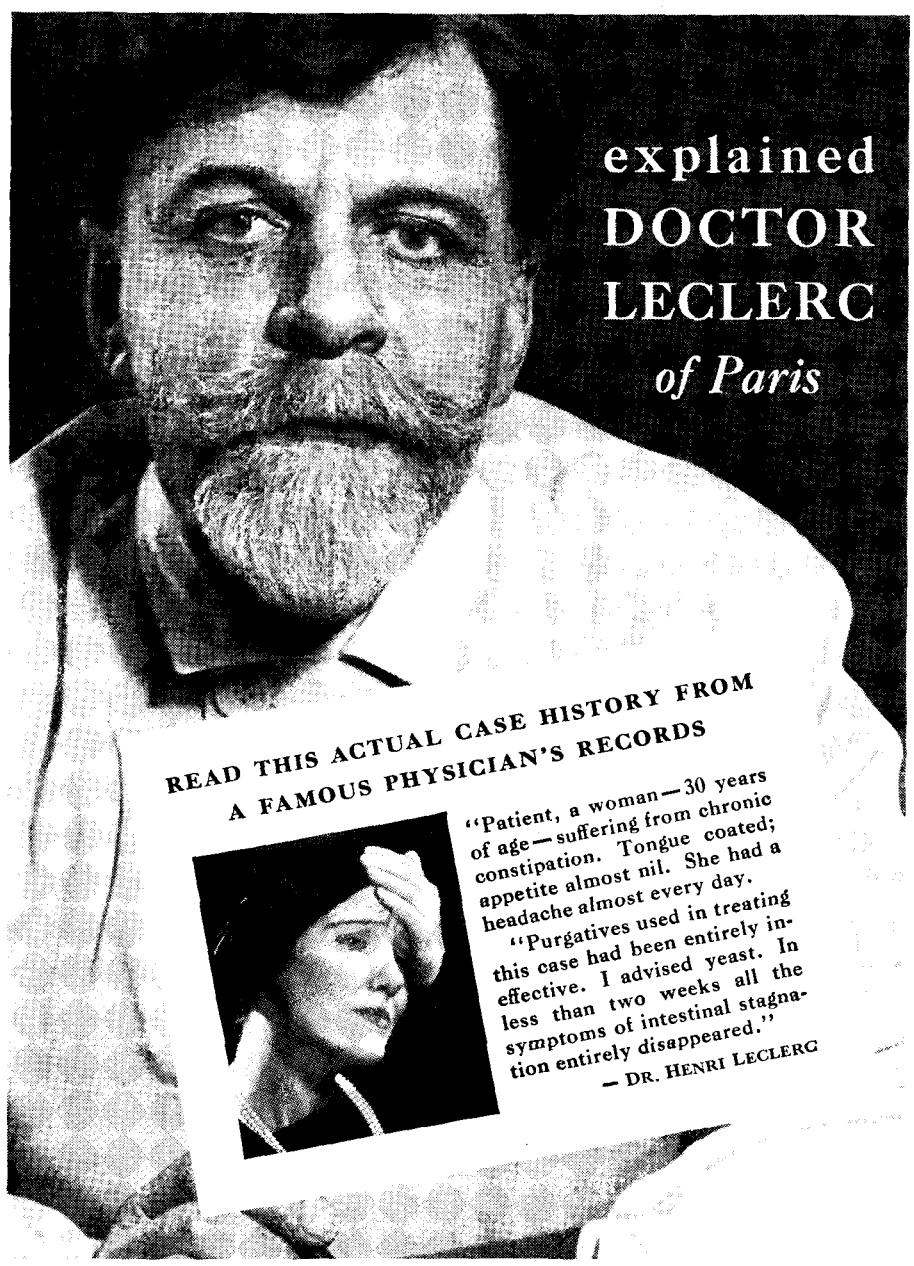

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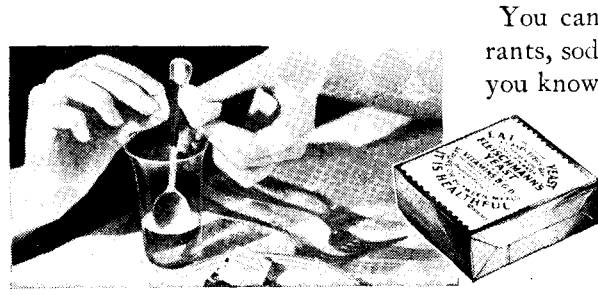

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 21

"That was a queer thing to do, wasn't it?" said Tanner.

Lebanon smiled.

"Yes—well, Mother is a little odd. It was, I admit, an awful-looking picture of him, but can you understand it?"

Bill laughed.

"If it was an awful-looking picture I can well understand it," he said. "Was he clean-shaven or did he have a beard, or what?"

"He had a beard—not as I remember him, but I'm talking about the photograph."

"Can you remember any other strange things happening which affected you?"

LORD LEBANON put down the magazine, the pages of which he had been turning.

"You want something really sinister, something that sounds like a page torn from a story? Well, I'll tell you. There have been two occasions when Gilder has brought me whisky and soda, when I have remembered drinking it—and little more. The last time I woke up in my room, in the dark. I was in my pajamas, and I should probably have turned over and gone to sleep again but for the fact that I had a perfectly splitting headache. I rang the bell, and when Gilder came up he told me I'd fainted, which was ridiculous — I've never fainted in my life."

"What do you suggest happened to you?" asked Tanner.

Lebanon shook his head.

"I don't know, but it happened twice after I'd had a drink. Naturally I remember the more painful episode. There was a sequel to that. When I came down in the morning it looked as though a bull had been let loose in this very room. The furniture was smashed, and there was every sign of a real wild party."

"*I heard about that,*" said Totty.

"Amersham was in it, and so were the two footmen. I'd hate to think that Mother was in it, and really I can't imagine her in any situation that was undignified."

Gilder came in with the drinks. They were already poured out. He handed a glass to Lebanon and one to each of the others.

"Can't you bring a decanter and a siphon?" asked the young man angrily. "You aren't even civilized, Gilder."

The man took no offense. He merely grinned cheerfully.

"I thought you'd like a quick drink, my lord. I'll remember the decanter in the future."

He took the tray out, closing the door with a thud.

"I wonder if you've ever in your experience visited a household like this?" said Lebanon, and took a sip.

Before Bill could reply he made a wry face.

"Taste this," he said.

Tanner took the glass and drank a little. Overriding the taste of the whisky was a harsh, bitter flavor.

"Well, is yours like that?"

TANNER took a sip of his own; it was quite normal.

"It's rather queer we should be talking about what happened to me," said Lebanon.

He looked round for some handy receptacle. On the table was a small bowl filled with roses, and into this he carefully poured the drink and set down the empty glass.

"That's exactly the stuff I drank on the night of the party," he said.

On the other side of the door Gilder was standing. He found it a little difficult to hear, for the wood was thick. He hoped that Brooks was listening from the stairs. It was not a moment to miss any scraps of information.

He heard a step behind him: it was Lady Lebanon.

"What are they talking about?" she asked in a voice little above a whisper.

He moved away from the door. His deep voice carried too far.

"I don't know, my lady," he said.

"Do you think we could get rid of these men?" she asked anxiously.

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. There are forty new men come down by bus from Scotland Yard. They're in the grounds somewhere. I haven't told Brooks; he's getting restless. He says he's going to quit. These detectives are frightening him."

She looked at him with a little smile.

"Do they frighten you?"

He shook his head.

"No, nothing frightens me. I'm in now and I'll go through with it."

"Tell Brooks there will be a thousand pounds for him if we get this thing over without a discovery," she said.

He shook his head again, dubiously.

"Do you think we shall? Brooks has got cold feet. Say, I'm getting a little bit worried about him. Shoot him over to America—that's my advice. If he loses his nerve he's going to be a whole lot of trouble to me."

He crept back to the door and listened. There was no sound, not even the murmur of voices. He looked round for Lady Lebanon, but she had gone. Turning the handle, he walked into the common room.

As he surmised, the room was empty. He heard voices from the end of the corridor. Lebanon was identifying a portrait that hung on the wall: an ancient Lebanon who bore some resemblance to his father.

Gilder looked at the glasses. One was suspiciously empty. He picked it up and turned it upside down, and a drop of liquid came from it. That glass was Lebanon's; there was a tiny red-ink mark on the stem which none of them had detected. He looked round, saw the bowl of roses, lifted it gingerly and sniffed. Whisky! So that was what had happened to Lord Lebanon's nightcap.

WALKING to the foot of the stairs, he whistled softly, and his stout companion came down. Gilder pointed to the glass.

"He didn't drink that stuff," he said.

Brooks breathed heavily.

"Of course he didn't drink it. You made it too strong. I told you he'd taste it."

"He was getting used to it," said Gilder gloomily. "Has he been talking?"

Brooks nodded.

"Yeah. Kelver must have told that little runt about the rough-house, and Tanner got him to talk about it. He knows he's being doped. Do you realize what that means?"

"Sure I realize," said Gilder coolly.

"Did you speak to her?" asked Brooks, displaying some anxiety.

"Yes. There's nothing to worry about."

Brooks exploded:

"Sez you! There's a hell of a lot to worry about. There are all these English cops, and that bird Tanner's wise to what's happening here. If the truth comes out we're in a jam—we might

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get life for this. Where are they?" He looked around.

"They're going up the hall staircase to his lordship's room, I guess—I heard him say 'radio,' and that's the only radio in the house—s-sh! Here's one of them."

It was Totty. He stood for a moment in the doorway, surveying them.

"The brothers Mike and Ike," he said sarcastically.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Gilder.

"There's a lot you can do for me, boy," said Totty. "I suppose you'll be up all night?"

Gilder smiled.

"If you'll be up all night, sir, I shall be up all night."

"Does it ever strike you fellows that you might be getting yourselves into a bit of trouble?"

Brooks paused at the door, a tray in his hand, and looked anxiously at his companion, but Mr. Gilder was smiling.

" 'Man,' " he said oracularly, " 'is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward.' "

GILDER was a type that baffled Mr. Totty: he was so offensively unimpressed by the majesty and power of the law. Moreover, he was perhaps the one man in the world who had ever made Sergeant Totty feel small, and that admirable man resented the painful experience.

He was not interested in radio, but for some reason or other he hated being alone. For this night the regulations which governed Mark's Priory had been relaxed. The doors between the servants' wing and the main hall had been left unlocked. Mr. Kelver was probably awake. Totty was on a mission of discovery, and had passed the door of the saloon when he heard his name called. It was Lady Lebanon.

"Won't you come in, sergeant? Has Mr. Tanner gone to bed?"

"Not yet, my lady."

He was flattered at the invitation.

"Do you mind my cigar?"

She hated cigars, and even Willie was forbidden to smoke in the saloon, but she was graciousness itself, went out and found an ash-tray for him, and suggested the most comfortable chair.

On her knees was a small velvet box.

"My cash box," she smiled, when she saw Totty's eyes on it. "I always take it up the last thing every night."

"Very wise of you, my lady. You can never be sure that there isn't a tea-leaf—a thief—around."

"You're a sergeant, aren't you, Mr. Totty?"

"Temporarily," said Mr. Totty.

"And Mr. Tanner is—?"

"Chief inspector. There's practically no difference between us," said Totty loftily. "It's merely a question of rank."

She inclined her head.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you whether you receive a very large salary? I suppose you do. Yours must be very important work."

He was quite prepared to explain how important, but she went on.

"I should so much like to know what is happening," she said, "and what the police think about this case. I suppose there are things arising every few minutes—clues, or whatever you call them?"

"Any number," said Totty.

"And when you make a new discovery you tell Mr. Tanner? And what does he say?"

Here Totty could not be perfectly truthful. He had a poignant memory of a number of things that Tanner had said when he had taken "evidence" to him.

"Usually," he admitted, "he says he's known all about that for a week. There's a lot of petty jealousy in the service."

"I suppose he does place a lot of reliance on you?" she insisted. "Somebody said you were his right-hand man."

Totty smirked.

"He was very curious"—Lady Lebanon spoke slowly—"rather stupidly, I thought, about the room I didn't want him to see. Do you remember?"

Totty remembered, and was on the point of blurting out his discovery, but she gave him no chance.

"Suppose you went to him and said: 'I've seen this room and there's nothing there but a few old pictures?' "

All that was vain in Sergeant Totty went out at that moment. He became his cold, practical, not overintelligent self.

"That would satisfy him, wouldn't it? He does take a lot of notice of what you say?"

He did not answer.

"Suppose you say," she went on silkily, "that there is nothing in that room? It would save me a lot of trouble."

"Quite," said Totty.

She opened the little box and he heard the rustle of paper. Very deliberately she took out four notes. From where he stood he recognized them as being for fifty pounds each.

"One feels so perfectly helpless"—her well-bred voice droned on—"I mean, when one is battling against trained and skillful men from Scotland Yard. Very naturally, they see something suspicious in the most innocent actions, and it's nice to know one has a friend at court."

She closed the box and got up. The four notes dropped onto the chair where she had been sitting.

"Good night, Sergeant Totty."

"Good night, my lady."

She had reached the door.

"Excuse me"—he held out the notes to her—"you have left your money behind."

"I don't remember leaving any money behind," she said deliberately. She did not look at the paper in his hand.

"This may remind you," he said. "You never know when you may want this money."

She took it from him without confusion or embarrassment.

"I was hoping you might want it," she said. "It's a great pity."

He followed her out into the corridor, and watched her with a smile of triumph till she passed out of sight. . . .

THE old lord's room was a place of fear to Isla Crane. She could never remember any occasion when she was so tired that she could fall immediately asleep.

Night after night she had sat up in bed, her hands clasping her knees, listening. There were calm nights when the only sounds which broke the silence were the crack of the age-old paneling and queer rustlings that might have been mice, or the touch of ghostly hands. There were nights when the soughing of the wind added a new terror to the hours of darkness.

Once, when the electric light plant had failed, she lay and quaked till daylight, and thereafter she always had a small night light by the side of her bed. It was a place of ghosts, of ugly memories, with frowzy auras that seemed to cling to the walls like fungi. At the best, and on the hottest days, there was a queer musty smell about the old lord's room.

Tonight it was full of strange sounds of movement; whispering voices came to her from the dark. Once she thought she saw a panel move and heard a floorboard creak outside the door. She had heard all these things before, and should have been immune to fear.

(Continued on page 38)

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(Continued from page 37)

She had a mother and two small sisters, and she was paying for their happiness. If somebody would take her away . . . but it must be somebody who could supply the comforts which Lady Lebanon would instantly cut off. It never occurred to her that her ladyship would not dare stop the allowance.

John Ferraby? . . . He was filling her imagination. A detective? Lady Lebanon had said it was queer, and had suggested the War to explain his peculiar occupation. What was his salary? It all came back to money; everything did. She liked many people, but she liked Ferraby so well that he could occupy hours of her thoughts. It wasn't so ridiculous as it might seem. . . .

She wondered in what style he lived, whether he had any decent prospects—everything came back to money.

She turned from side to side in the bed, pulled the covers over her shoulders, threw them off again. Presently she felt drowsy and began to dream. But when she dreamed, it was of things that she had put out of her thoughts in her waking moments. All the pigeonholes of her mind were opened, and the things she wanted to forget crept out. How stupid of Lady Lebanon to leave the scarf in the drawer! At any time that big man might search the desk, and if he searched the desk he would find it. What had induced her to leave that damning evidence for the most careless of searchers to find?

The scarf should be burned. She did not realize she was out of bed. As she turned the key in the lock of her door, she did not feel it. She was obsessed by one idea—the scarf must be burned, that little red scarf with the metal tag.

Bill Tanner heard the click of the lock as he was giving his final instructions to Ferraby. He walked quickly to the foot of the stairs and looked up, raising his hand to caution the two men.

"Quiet!" he said.

They stood motionless, silent. The white figure came slowly down the stairs. Isla was groping ahead of her; her hands were outstretched as though she were feeling her way along some invisible wall. She was talking, very quietly, very slowly.

"It must be burned," she said.

Totty opened his mouth to speak, but Bill's glare silenced him.

She reached the bottom step, walked uncertainly towards the desk.

"It must be burned," she said, in that monotonous tone which is the sleepwalker's own. "You must burn the scarf."

SHE fumbled at the drawer. It was locked, but in her imagination she opened it.

"The scarf should be burned . . . you murdered him with that . . . I saw it in your hand when you came into the house . . . you murdered him with that. It must be burned."

She was moving towards the stairs again. Ferraby took a step towards her, but Bill grabbed him and threw him back. Slowly she went up, Tanner behind her. He saw her go into her room; the door closed softly and the lock snapped.

"You murdered him with that."

Whom was she addressing in her dreams? Mr. Tanner had a very good idea.

He heard another door open. Lady Lebanon came out. She was still dressed.

"Was that Isla?" she said. "Miss Crane?"

He nodded.

"Was she walking in her sleep?—how distressing! Where did you see her?"

"She came down to the hall," said Tanner.

Lady Lebanon drew a long breath.

"She's rather distraught. I think I ought to send her away into the country for a month. When she's like that—"

"Have you seen her do this before?"

Lady Lebanon nodded.

"Yes, twice. The trouble is, she talks the most dreadful nonsense when she's in that condition. Did she speak at all?"

"Nothing that I could hear," said Bill untruthfully.

He thought she was relieved. She was entitled to be.

"Good night, Mr. Tanner. I will speak to Isla later. It isn't advisable to wake her up immediately, but unless she is awakened she may walk again."

Bill Tanner went down into the hall, a very preoccupied man. His two subordinates had been impressed. Totty was unusually silent, and did not offer a ready-made theory.

"Get on to the inn and find out if that woman is calm enough to be questioned—Mrs. Tilling, I mean."

WHEN Totty had gone: "What do you make of it, Ferraby? She knows who committed the murder, obviously."

Ferraby turned a glum face to him.

"I'm afraid she does, though, of course, she may be dreaming. After all, she knew that scarf had been burned and she may have guessed it came from that drawer. You can't hold what people say in their sleep—against them."

"I'm not holding anything against the young lady. You can set your mind at rest," said Tanner testily.

Then he put into words the question that Isla had asked herself:

"Have you got any money? No, I don't mean in your pocket. Have you any private means?"

The young man flushed guiltily.

"I've six hundred a year."

"Splendid," said Tanner. "That's exactly six hundred a year more than I've got. You're rather keen on her, aren't you?"

"Who—Miss Crane? Good Lord! How absurd! I couldn't—"

"Don't dither," said Tanner kindly. "I know you can't raise your eyes to the old squire's daughter. I've read about such things in books and seen them in plays. But it strikes me that she might be much happier in a South Kensington flat than she could possibly be at Mark's Priory. You'll excuse me if I help forward your little romance, but I'm in a romantic mood tonight."

"She'd never think of me that way—" began Ferraby.

"You say that because you're very young, and you make the mistake of classifying women into social strata, and believe that each stratum has its own peculiar code. Women are all women—never forget that, Ferraby. When the Lord created Eve, He practically finished his job, and there's been no change—a little general improvement, perhaps. But you'll discover, when you learn to think, that the only difference between a twenty-thousand-a-year girl and the office stenographer is that one of them pays more for her clothes. If you don't mind my being indelicate, I would say that if you saw them in their underclothes you wouldn't know the difference, because they all wear the best that money can buy, for some reason which I've never been able to fathom."

Ferraby stared at him.

"I didn't realize you were an authority on the subject."

"I am an authority on most subjects," said Bill.

He took a cigar out of the box which Gilder had left, pinched it and smelled it.

"If this hasn't been poisoned by the wicked footman it ought to be good," he said.

"What was wrong with that whisky he brought to Lebanon?"

"Doped," said Bill. "I think I know the drug that was used."

"Why?"

"Lebanon thought that they had something on tonight. He didn't mention whom he meant by 'they,' but we can guess that, too. Apparently they're in the habit of giving him queer-tasting drinks when they want him out of the way. I wish he had drunk it."

Ferraby's eyes opened.

"But why?" he asked again, and he was so concerned that Tanner laughed.

"Because if he were out of the way it would save me a lot of embarrassment tonight. In the morning the chief constable is sending me three people who can clear up this mystery more effectively than I. I asked him to send them down, and they'll be here by ten."

"Somebody from the Yard?"

"I'll not satisfy your curiosity—think over all the people I'm likely to send for; it will keep you awake tonight."

Tanner was looking at the younger man quizzically.

"You didn't see Miss Crane before she went to bed tonight, did you?"

"No, sir," said Ferraby uncomfortably. "Why? Did you want me to—"

Bill Tanner shook his head.

"I didn't want you to do anything. I merely noticed that you didn't see her but that you made several efforts to have a few minutes alone with her. I was interested both as a psychologist and as a student of adolescent tactics."

Ferraby laughed uncomfortably.

"That, of course, means me. She's a terribly nice lady, sir."

"Say 'girl,' or, better still, 'woman,'" said Tanner. "She is, but three months of this would make her a nervous wreck, and after six months of it she wouldn't be fit to marry anybody—not even a copper. That means you, too."

FERRABY went red and white. He blushed rather easily.

"I'm afraid that's outside the realm of possibility. That sort of thing doesn't happen."

Bill's lips curled.

"Doesn't it? You haven't been reading the newspapers. Policemen are reaching quite a high social position. One of them was entertained by one of our most eminent officials the other day. I don't know why, but he was." His eyes narrowed. "It's not a question of the old squire's daughter and the lowly herd, Ferraby, where you're concerned. Yours is a pretty old family—good enough for anybody."

"She's going to marry Lebanon."

Bill shook his head.

"No, she isn't. Get that out of your nut. She's going to marry any man who loves her and has the pluck to ask her."

"On a policeman's pay?"

"They are paid very well," said Bill, "all ranks except chief inspector. Besides, you're not going to stay a sergeant. There'll be a county chief constable wanted very soon and I'll see that you get the job. I have a pull in the particular county I'm thinking of. And you won't even stay a chief constable."

He walked up to Ferraby and buttonholed him.

"If you were just a plain copper, and even if you hadn't got a few hundreds a year of your own, there'd be no excuse for your missing your opportunity," he said quietly.

Ferraby stared at him.

"My opportunity?"

Bill nodded.

"Yes. I call it opportunity when a man loves a girl and the girl is fond of him. Keep that in your mind, Ferraby."

(Continued on page 40)

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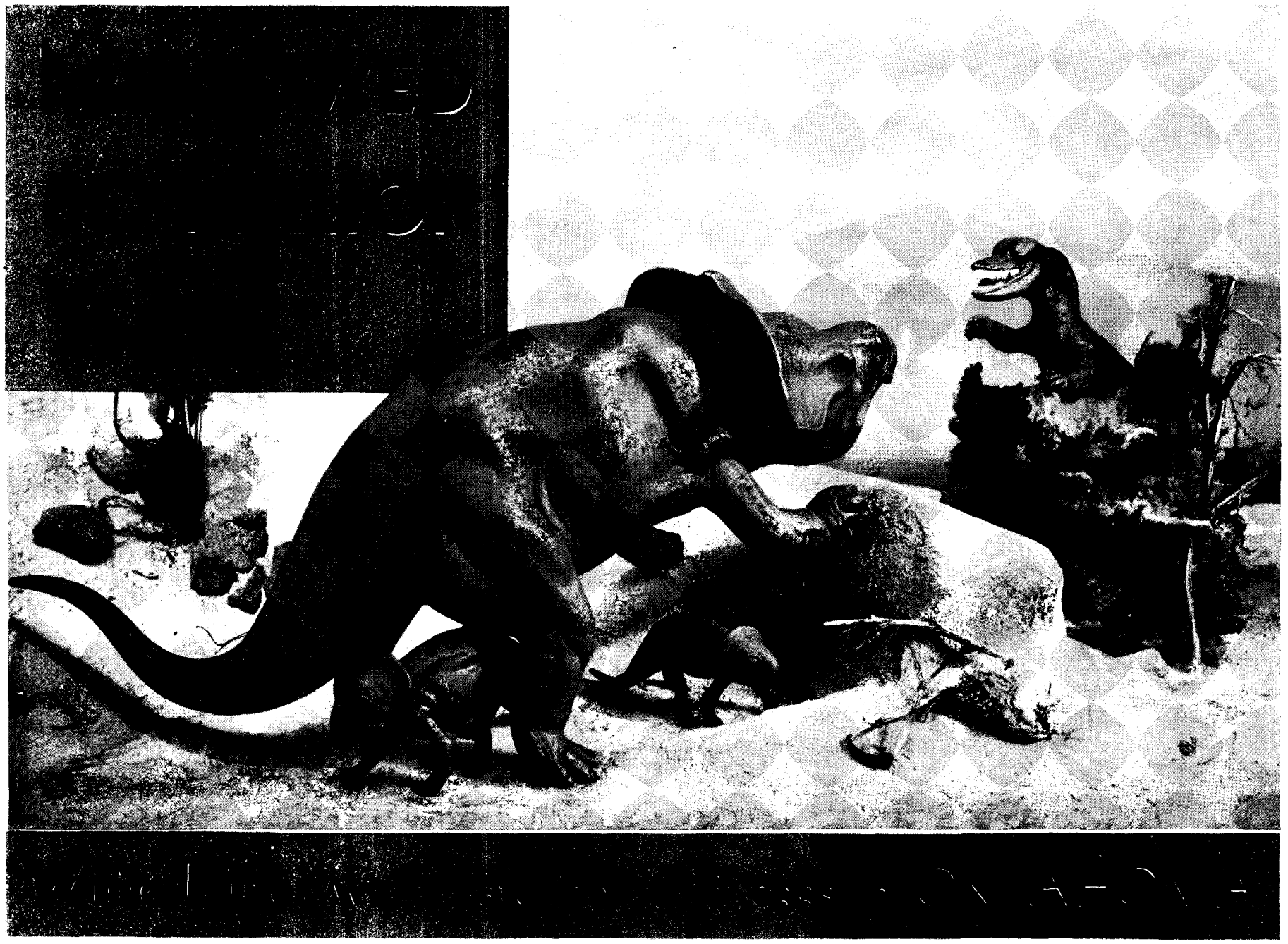

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The Frightened Lady

Continued from page 38

Totty came back at that moment. Mrs. Tilling was sleeping.

"That's satisfactory," said Tanner. "Any other news?"

"Yes; they've pinched Tilling at Stirling. He left the Edinburgh train there, but the police picked him up, and they're detaining him."

"'Detain' is a better word than 'arrest.' Where are those liveried cutthroats?"

"They're in their pantry," said Totty. "I heard them talking together. You *mean the Americans?*"

"I wonder what they talk about," said Tanner, and smiled. "If they only knew it, this is very nearly their last night at Mark's Priory."

"Are you taking them?"

"I don't know yet; it all depends," he said, and began to search for a pack of cards, for he had a weakness for patience. . . .

Gilder and his companion had a great deal to talk about. Brooks did most of the talking. The tall American slumped in his chair, a neat whisky at his elbow, a half-smoked cigar in the corner of his mouth.

"Ah, shut up," he growled at last. "You make me ill! Don't you think I'm worried, too? She was walking in her sleep tonight, that girl—and she was talking, and talking a whole lot that didn't help us any."

He looked thoughtfully at the other.

"Brooks, I'm going into her room tonight and take her out."

Brooks stared aghast.

"With the detectives in the house?"

"With all Scotland Yard in the house," said Gilder grimly. "I'm not going to take any more risks—not that kind of risk anyway."

Brooks shook his head in awed admiration.

"Have you told the old woman?"

"To hell with the old woman!" rumbled Gilder. "She doesn't mean a thing to me tonight."

HE GOT up, opened a drawer of a little chest, took out a flat leather case, unstrapped it and pulled back the flap. There was a neat kit of tools here, and after careful scrutiny he selected a pair of long, thin-nosed pliers. He tested them on a piece of wire; then, going to the door, took out the key and put it on the outside. Inserting the nose of the pliers, he turned it and locked the door. Another twist of his wrist and it was unlocked.

Mr. Gilder was a careful man with considerable foresight. There was not a lock in the house that he did not oil once a week, for he took no chances.

Restoring the key to the inner side of the door, he put the pliers in his pocket.

"Where are you going to put her?" asked Brooks.

"In my room," said the other curtly.

"Suppose Tanner—"

"Oh, shut up, will you! You're fording the river before it starts to rain. You'd better go back home, Brooks."

"I guess we'll both be lucky to go back home," said the other gloomily.

"Listen." Gilder laid his big hand on the man's knee. "You've had a pretty easy job and you've been well paid for it. When you told that bull you hadn't saved money you were lying. I don't say you've got enough to live on for the rest of your life, but you've got the makings."

"I'd give a thousand dollars to be back in Philadelphia," said Brooks.

"You can get there steerage for less than a hundred," Gilder retorted.

He looked at his watch.

"Time's getting on. I'll go along and see if they want anything. Maybe they'll go to bed—even Scotland Yard men must sleep some time."

He peeped into the room from a place of observation which he had used before, a convenient slit in the panel, which did not owe its existence to accident. Tanner was playing patience at one table, Totty was manipulating a pack of cards at another. The other detective was not in the room.

He strolled back along the passage and up the stairs. As he turned into the corridor he saw somebody going into Isla's room. It was Lady Lebanon, and he drew back out of sight.

"Write Your Own" Awards

Successful stories based on the plot given in Collier's for July 23d were written by:

$100 **L. B. McNicol, 1013 Phoenix Ave., Chester, W. Va.**

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$50 **George A. Scott, 7818 Ridgeland Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

To give up, under dramatic circumstances, one's dearest possession for love's sake—that was the theme Boccaccio used in "The Falcon." Our eager authors did very well, too, proving to our satisfaction at least that while few of us have tasted roasted falcon the power of love has not been diminished by a materialistic age.

It had taken a long time before Isla's drowsy voice asked who was there, a seemingly interminable time before the door was unlocked. She went in, and closed the door behind her. Isla was sitting on the bed, her head drooping, only half awake.

"Is anything the matter?" she muttered.

Lady Lebanon shook her gently by the shoulder.

"Wake up, Isla."

She looked at the little night light.

"Do you always sleep with that?" she asked. "It's very bad for you."

"Lately, yes."

There was a silver box on the table by the side of the bed, and the woman opened it and looked disapprovingly at the contents.

"Cigarettes — do you smoke?" and, when the girl nodded: "I don't like it

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very much in a woman," she said. "You're comfortable here?" She looked around. "I have only been through this door twice in the past five years."

Isla shuddered.

"I loathe this room," she said vehemently.

The cold eyes of the woman were on her.

"You've never said so before. One room is as good as another, and this was once the best room in the house. There used to be secret doors here, but I think my husband had them screwed up. The man who planned this room lived a hundred years ago," she went on.

Her mind went instinctively to the Line.

"He was rather eccentric. He never saw anybody. They used to pass his meals through a panel somewhere." She felt along the paneling. "And there used to be a passageway here, in the very heart of the wall."

SHE followed a train of thought which was very easy to follow: the Line that led back to the great men of the house.

"Courcy Lebanon—that was his name. He married one of the Hamshaws. Her mother was a blood relation of Monmouth." She sighed. "That branch has died out," she said in a whisper.

Then, with an effort, she tore herself from the past.

"I shouldn't sleep with a light; it's very bad for you."

The girl's head was drooping again.

"Isla! I'm sorry, but you must wake up." She shook her less gently. "You must wake up, Isla."

The girl's head drooped to her shoulder.

"I'm awfully tired. I'm half asleep now."

Yet she heard the click of the lock as it turned.

"Why did you do that?" she asked.

"The Priory is full of strange people, and there are others in the grounds," said Lady Lebanon. She sat down on the edge of the bed. "You walked in your sleep tonight"—it was almost an accusation.

Isla stared at her.

"Did I? I wish I didn't. I never did that before—" She stopped suddenly.

"Before what?"

"Before that dreadful night." Her voice was shaking. "When the furniture was broken and Dr. Amersham . . . I thought he was killed."

She covered her face with her hands.

"If you hadn't come down you would have seen nothing," said the older woman harshly.

Then suddenly she leaned over towards the girl, and there was an intensity and an emotion in her voice that Isla had never heard before.

"Isla, anything may happen tonight. I may be—" she did not finish her sentence. "I hope it can be avoided, but I must be prepared. I want you to marry Willie—do you hear? I want you to marry Willie."

THERE was desperation in her tone. The hand that gripped the girl's arm tightened painfully.

"I want you to marry him today—this morning."

Isla Crane looked round at her, dazed.

"Today? That's impossible! I couldn't marry at such short notice. I—I haven't really thought of it seriously."

"You can marry today," said the woman doggedly. "I've had the license for a week."

"He'd hate it. Does he know?"

"It doesn't matter whether he knows or not," said Lady Lebanon impatiently. "He'll do as I tell him. Willie is the last of the Lebanons—do you realize that? The last link in the chain. A weak link. There was another weak link—Geoffrey Lebanon—weaker than Willie. He married his cousin, Jane Secamore. You'll see her portrait in the Great Hall. She left him at the altar."

Isla listened, wondering what was coming next, and when Lady Lebanon spoke she was shocked to silence.

"She left him at the altar—but she had several children."

"A horrible idea! Dreadful!" gasped the girl.

"I don't agree." Lady Lebanon sat straight-backed, and seemed to be giving judgment. Isla had the feeling that her words had in them a finality which could not be disturbed. "I don't agree. Jane was one of the greatest of the Lebanon women. You realize you are a Lebanon yourself, Isla—that your great-grandfather was the brother of the eighteenth viscount? Whatever happens, your children will be in the family when you are married. They will bear the Lebanon name."

Isla heard her sigh. She seemed to relax, for her manner was easier and her voice had lost its strain.

"If you find your life with Willie impossible, I shall be very understanding," she said.

She got up from the bed.

"The car will be ready at eleven."

With an effort Isla roused herself.

"I can't do it," she said. "I can't possibly do it! I don't love Willie. I—I love another man."

Lady Lebanon looked at her quickly.

"Young Ferraby?" A long pause. "Well, suppose you do? I've told you I would be very understanding. Don't you realize what you'll be doing? A wonderful thing—you will be founding a new race. The family will find a new strength. The Lebanon women have always been greater than the men."

Something swished against the door. Lady Lebanon heard it and turned quickly.

"What was that?" asked the girl in a frightened whisper.

"It's Gilder. And that's another reason why you must marry quickly. These men are getting out of hand. I may not be able to control them after tonight."

SHE came back quickly to the girl, bent over her and whispered:

"Gilder mustn't know you're going to be married. You understand that, Isla? At all costs he must not know."

There was a knock. She went swiftly to the door and unlocked it. Gilder was standing outside. Isla heard the deep boom of his voice, and then the door closed on him.

She was dropping back into unconsciousness, but roused herself, noticing that Lady Lebanon had left the door ajar. She dragged herself across the floor and closed it, then, coming back to the bed, almost fell upon it, drawing the clothes over her.

She was asleep, yet awake. Her mind was working; unsolvable problems came in procession, were examined and despaired of. Yet her breathing was regular.

She had been lying there a quarter of an hour when somebody tried the handle of the door. It yielded, and Gilder came quietly into the room.

"It wasn't locked after all."

The terrified man outside was shaking.

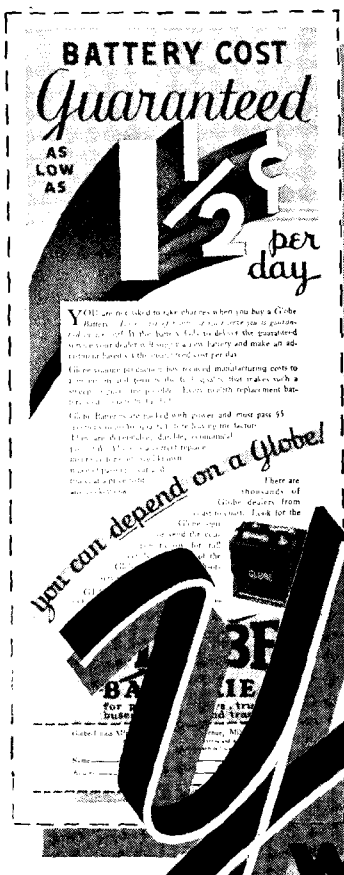
"Where's her ladyship?"

"Never mind about her ladyship. Give me that blanket."

He tiptoed to the side of the bed, and, clutching the girl by the shoulder, shook her.

"Come along, miss. I want you to come with me, miss."

(To be concluded next week)



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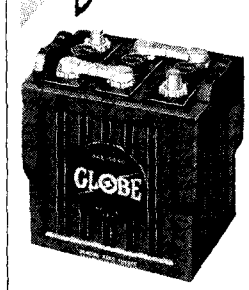

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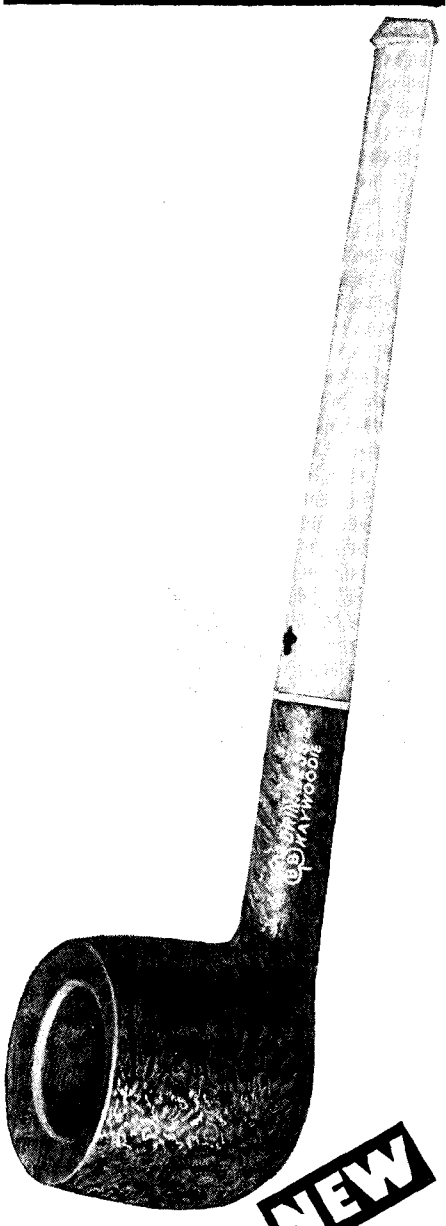

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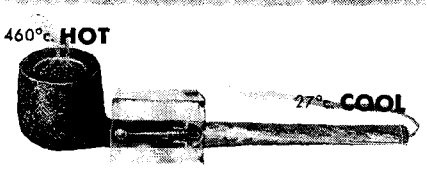

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A Perfect Scream

Continued from page 19

"that it is proper for a man whose life has just been saved by a lady to thank the lady for saving it."

Amelia smiled. She had a nice smile, slow and gentle, just faintly parting her red lips. "You're quite welcome," she whispered primly.

Kerrigan Sheel smiled too. "And to ask the lady's name," he went on, "so that he can send her flowers or something."

"I'm Amelia Howland. You're Mr. Sheel, aren't you?" It was then, right then, that Amelia began to whisper on purpose.

Kerrigan Sheel nodded, innocently surprised. "How did you know?"

"I'm—in pictures, too," Amelia said carefully.

HE PUCKERED his forehead, trying to remember—and couldn't.

"You wouldn't have seen me," said Amelia.

Kerrigan Sheel was rather pleased by that. Modesty had not struck him as an outstanding Hollywood trait. But the whispering bothered him. "You're sure you're not hurt, after all?" he asked her. "The way you talk . . ."

Amelia hesitated, and faint color crept into her cheeks. "It's—my voice," she admitted honestly.

Kerrigan Sheel smiled. "Oh, I see. You're a singer. If your voice is as lovely as you are," he said impulsively, "then I don't wonder that you have to be careful of it."

Nothing so sweet, and nothing so bitter, had ever been said to Amelia.

Kerrigan Sheel brought the flowers in person. "I thought if you weren't busy," he said, "you might wear them to dinner with me."

Amelia had not meant, of course, to keep on deceiving him. But one cannot shout the truth at a man who is bowing over a nosegay.

"Thank you," whispered Amelia. "So I might."

They dined in a place that you would not have guessed was Hollywood: neither exotic nor deliberately quaint—a little, homelike, well-scrubbed room, with buttercup-yellow curtains and white tablecloths and an open fire.

They were rather stiff at first. But gradually, under the warmth and quiet and good food, they relaxed. Amelia was wearing blue, and she could see in Kerry's look that he was aware of it. He said he liked her whispering—it made her more mysterious. "I want to stay mysterious," said Amelia. She should have told him then—and, of course, she meant to. But one simply cannot blurt out facts with a mouth full of strawberry tart.

They told each other a surprising number of things before the meal was over—the things they liked, and the things they didn't like, and what they thought of Hollywood. But they left out a great deal, too. Kerry left out aviation. Amelia left out phonology.

After that night Amelia knew that she should never tell him. He did not come often to the studio—it takes space to wreck a plane in. There was no point in spoiling the nicest thing you had, just because it could not last. . . .

THEY had dinner often in the place with the yellow curtains. They had dinner at the Avalon, and Amelia, in white velvet, with Kerry's gardenias on her shoulder, danced her silver slippers through. They drove up the coast and down the coast, and had breakfast at Concepcion and lunch in Mexico, and watched the sun set over the sea and the moon rise over the mountains. They drove into the desert, all white sand and red rock and fleshy cactuses with blossoms on their elbows, where you could hear the silence beating in your ears and it seemed as if there could not be an airplane or a microphone in the world.

It was perfect—almost. And Amelia was happy—in an impermanent sort of way. But always there was an air of unreality about it. Some day Kerry would find out the truth. And then. . . .

Afterwards Amelia thought it would have been easier if Kerry had not kissed her. It was one night at the high top of a hill; below them the flung lights of Hollywood lay printed on the fabric of the dark. Kerry stopped the car to watch them. And in the quiet and the dark and the mystery of the distant lights he took her in his arms and kissed her—kissed her on the mouth, wildly and hard, with a strange, bitter fervor. For an instant Amelia gave herself to rapture—knowing, even as she did so, that it didn't belong to her. She sensed in him again that strange withholding—and she became a small, dry kernel in the empty shell of his arms. She drew away sharply.

"You mustn't, Kerry," she whispered. "The way things are . . ."

For a still instant he held her. Then he spoke. Shortly. Bitterly. "You're right," he said. "I mustn't."

And then . . . he let her go.

After that Amelia admitted that she loved Kerrigan Sheel. So much she could allow herself. But she never let herself hope. At least she thought she never had—until the blow fell.

"Tuesday we're taking the crash scene in Sky High to Hell," Mr. Gastenstuber said. "Be on hand. Ten sharp. We got a big scream for you."

"Crash. . . ?" said Amelia. But she knew, of course.

"PLANE," said Mr. Gastenstuber tersely. "Kerrigan Sheel. Shooting at Deadhead Canyon. Sheel's doubling for Basil Devries. Goes like this, see: Devries is supposed to be rescuing Mara from a kidnapping gang in the hills. He gets away in their plane and flies it right down the canyon. Will it be spectacular? I'll tell the audience. All them rocks and turns.

"Sheel thought first it couldn't be done; trouble is the electric power line cuts right across the canyon. But he thinks now he can duck under without hitting bottom. Next thing one of the gang gets him in the wing. He piles up on the rocks. When he cracks, Mara screams—that's you; Mara'll be flying dummy. And get this, girl: When you yell, you yell with all you got."

"But . . ." said Amelia.

"No buts," said Mr. Gastenstuber, and padded off cheerfully.

AMELIA dressed herself Tuesday morning in blatant, flamboyant red. A red dress and a great red eye-shade with a scoop-shaped visor that hid her frightened face. Amelia did not often wear red—it was too violent for her fragile coloring. Kerry would never look for her under that gaudy scoop. . . .

She rode out to Deadhead Canyon in Mr. Gastenstuber's car. "Wha's the matter, kid?" he asked her. "You look awful gloomy."

"I . . . don't like airplane crashes," said Amelia.

"Good," said Mr. Gastenstuber heartily. "Feel as bad as you can. It'll get more suff'ring in your voice."

Deadhead Canyon was as wild and desolate a spot as you could have found within driving distance of Hollywood. It was as if a race of giants had planned some preposterous town, and then, not having good luck with it, had flung everything down in a fury and kicked a hole in the ground and gone away. Standing amid the litter you could almost believe yourself the first of human kind to have placed foot there—until you saw the power line spanning the chasm. Amelia, huddled in Mr. Gastenstuber's car, turned from those wires with a shudder.

On the mesa there was already great activity. Mr. Gastenstuber, eyebrows jerking, red face perspiring, was hurrying hither and yon, hurling orders and imprecations. Amelia, an anonymous red dot in Mr. Gastenstuber's car, hardly heard what those around her were saying. It was all so unthinkable. Even if Kerry could fly those tortuous windings of the canyon without crashing into the walls . . . even if by some miracle he could flatten himself under the wires without striking the canyon floor . . . even then there was the crippled plane, the certain, inevitable, scheduled smash. Amelia put her hands hard over her lips to keep from screaming before her time.

Kerrigan Sheel, turning from Mr. Gastenstuber in his sudden way, looked up full in Amelia's face. . . .

Kerry came over to the car then. His finger tips were white over the window ledge. "Amelia," he said. "You . . . here?"

(Continued on page 44)

"How is the pork chop, sir?"
"Just lovely, thanks—and you?"

Paul Webb

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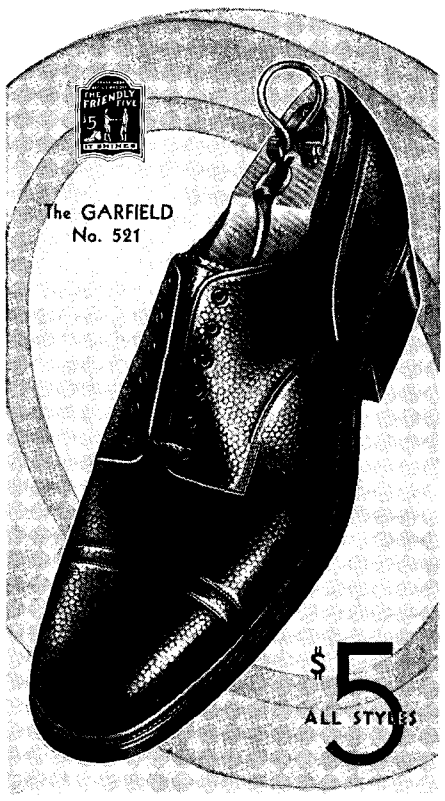

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FRIENDLY FIVE SHOES

Friendly to the Feet

A Perfect Scream

Continued from page 42

"I had to come," said Amelia.

Suddenly she thought she could not bear it: Kerry's face there in the window, so near . . . and so dear . . . and so far away; so kind and unsuspecting. Kerry, going into danger. And then . . . if Kerry came back. . . . She couldn't do it. She *couldn't*. She wasn't going to. . . .

"What's up?" cried Mr. Gastenstuber. "What we waiting for? Everybody ready?"

"Ready," said Kerrigan Sheel.

"R-ready," said Amelia.

From the rock behind which she had been stationed, with the microphone beside her, Amelia watched Kerry take the air. It was beautiful to watch him. Beautiful and terrible. Wide, low circles. Silver against blue. A wild bird in flight. He drew away from them. The plane became a pin-prick on the sky. The noise of the engine sank to a whisper. Then silence closed down on the waiting group. Kerrigan Sheel vanished at the upper end of the canyon.

Amelia stood behind her rock, cold and still, without conscious thought. She tried not to watch the narrow opening before her through which Kerry ought to appear. She tried not to look at the distance from the wires to the ground. . . .

And then, suddenly. . . . Amelia *looked*. . . .

Afterwards some said that the wire must have been weakened by the storm the day before. The plane was out of sight before anyone saw what had happened.

But Amelia saw now. Now, when it was too late. She slipped out from behind the rock, a little scarlet flash of terror and despair. She began to run, pointing before her.

"Get back there!" bawled Mr. Gastenstuber. "What. . . ."

Then he was silent. Mr. Gastenstuber saw, too. They all saw, now, when it was too late.

One of the wires was down. It lay right across the narrow way that Kerry meant to come, a fiery-headed serpent, writhing horribly as it spat its deadly load against the wet ground.

AMELIA was not fully conscious of anything after that. She was running—careless of the thorns and spines, the branches that reached to trip her, the rocks that leaped up in her path and dashed the breath out of her body. She was running, that was all. She ran and slipped and fell and rose and ran again.

"Come back here," bawled Mr. Gastenstuber. "You can't do anything!"

But Amelia did not even hear him.

The group at the edge of the canyon stood horrified and still. Then Kerry's plane swept suddenly into view around the last bend. And as it came Amelia ran toward the twisting wire. She flung up both arms, as if she would have caught the plane and pushed it back into the sky. And as she ran, with all that there was in her, Amelia screamed . . . and screamed . . . and *screamed*.

"Mike," shouted Mr. Gastenstuber. "*Mike!*" There was no point in wasting it.

Afterwards some said that Kerrigan Sheel heard her. That was not true. No human voice could have penetrated through the clamor of that old engine in the confined space of the canyon walls. But Kerry, peering outward and downward, craftily gauging his distance, saw suddenly a little scarlet flag of danger waving itself wildly in his path. For a crazy instant he thought that he should hit her—he was as low as that; he jerked the nose of the plane upward. Then, beyond Amelia, he saw the wire.

Kerrigan Sheel tried to clear the wire. He hadn't the space. He hadn't the altitude. He hadn't a good-enough plane. He turned full into the canyon wall.

The cameras were on him when he crashed. They were on him when the flames broke out.

Amelia tried to scream again—and no sound came. She put her hands up to her mouth and pitched forward into the silent dark.

THE two doctors shook their heads at each other. They spoke learnedly of strain, of nervous shock. "In time," they said, "you may recover a normal speaking voice. But it will never have any power. . . ."

Amelia fingered the bandages round her throat. "You mean," she said, in a queer, little, husky croak that was not quite a whisper and not quite anything else, and yet strangely not unpleasant, "you mean that this is all the voice I'll ever have?"

"I'm afraid so," they admitted. They said afterwards that in all their experience no one had ever taken bad news so bravely as Amelia Howland did.

"Where is Kerrigan Sheel?" said Amelia.

"In Room 42," they told her. "You can't see him."

"Thank you," said Amelia.

She went down the corridor to Room 42 and opened the door and walked in and closed it softly behind her. There was no nurse there. At first she thought Kerrigan Sheel was not there either—only a pile of bandages and bedclothes. Then something red on the pillow turned—and Kerry grinned up at her. The blue eyes were undefeated under their scorched brows.

"Hello, Amelia," he said.

"Hello," said Amelia.

She went over to his side and Kerry put a careful arm about her and drew her up beside him.

"Don't I jiggle you?" asked Amelia.

"I like to be jiggled," said Kerry—and drew her closer.

"What happened to your voice?" said Kerry.

"It's gone," said Amelia. "Isn't that grand?"

Suddenly they were closer than they had ever been before—not just physically, but in other ways as well. The thing that had always stood between them, an intangible barrier, an unreality, was swept away. The tension was lifted from Kerry's face and all the scorn of living, the fear of discovery from Amelia's. They could really talk now. They could say the things that they had always left out.

Kerry was talking about aviation. . . .

Kerry had been a pilot in passenger air service. The girl he was engaged to eloped with Kerry's best friend in Kerry's own plane. They thought it was a joke. . . . Afterwards Kerry had a crash. The next week he had another. There wasn't any connection. Just bad luck—two planes gone wrong in two weeks. The Board exonerated him. But it put a jinx on his flying. Crashes are supposed to go in threes. Nobody wanted a pilot who was due for his third. So he came to Hollywood and took up wrecking in a really big way. He thought it was all he was fit for.

He thought so until that morning when he saw Amelia, risking her life under the fallen wire to save his. . . .

Amelia was telling him about her voice. "I never was a singer," she said. "I just made noises. I—oh, Kerry, I know I didn't do right. But . . . I couldn't bear to lose you. . . ."

"What difference would that have made?" demanded Kerry. "I loved you all the more after I found out. Only . . . at first I didn't know what love was, because I'd never had it. And afterwards I thought I hadn't anything to offer. . . ."

"And—you won't wreck planes any more?"

"Can't," said Kerry blithely. "But you ought to see the planes that I can build."

"I can't scream any more either," said Amelia with a shy smile. "But you ought to see my biscuits."

SUDDENLY she was in his arms and he was kissing her—kissing her hungrily, happily, with the fervor of a passion long denied. There was rapture in those kisses for Amelia—because they truly belonged to her.

Afterwards the nurse came in.

"So our public careers are over," Kerrigan Sheel was saying. "Let's just live happy ever after—in a strictly private way."

"Let's," said Amelia.

The nurse went out again.

"So I lost 'em both in one day," said Mr. Gastenstuber. "Tough. Well . . . pitchers is like that. Anyways, I got one perfect crash. And one perfect scream."

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Water-Front Irish

Continued from page 17

He thought to himself that a drink would go pretty good. Still, he knew he wouldn't stop with one, and he'd better let it alone. Otherwise, maybe the dive wouldn't be so convincing. He'd drift back to Myrtle Avenue to the Greek's place and get a soda or something.

It was a little store that sold cigars and candy and soft drinks. Also, the Greek ran a book on the races and the fights. Leo had known him a long time.

"Hello, Leo," said the Greek. "Hello, champ."

"Hello, Joe," said Leo. "How's tricks?"

"Fine, Leo. What'll you have?"

"Chocolate soda, I guess."

"On the house, Leo. How you feel?"

"O. K. What you laying?"

"Five to seven, champ. That's the best I can do for you. There's no Shourak money around here."

"There ain't, hey?"

"No. Not a dime. Everybody got a bet down on you. Captain Reardon, from the fire-house, he's in yesterday with a hundred and fifty of the boys' money. He got fifty up, himself. Your mom was in this morning."

"Huh?" said Leo.

"YOUR mom was in with two hundred bucks. That's two hundred and thirty-five she got on this."

"She—she got a bet down, huh?"

"Sure. She always got a bet down. Sometimes ten, sometimes fifty, sometimes only a couple of bucks. But every time she got her money down."

"She— Does my mom follow the dogs, too?"

"Nah! Not her! She don't know one dog from another. I never forget the first time she come in. She's kind of looking around, see, and she comes up to me, quick, and says, 'You take bets in here?' I says, 'Mrs. Brady, come to the back of the store, please. Yes'm, I'll take a bet.' She hands out ten bucks. 'I want to bet that on Leo Brady. He's fightin' at the Cleremont Rink,' she says."

"At the Cleremont," said Leo. "I ain't fought at the Cleremont for three years."

"This was when you fought Joey Moran. I remember, they gave it a draw."

"That's five years," said Leo. "I beat the ears off him. They shouldn't have give it no draw."

"Lookit, champ. Maybe I can get you five to six. But it's five to seven. Five to seven was the best I could get for your ma. She never wants to know nothing about no odds. 'Here's the dough, bet it'—that's your ma. She's one fine sport, Leo."

"Don't she—don't she ever make no other bets?"

"Only time I ever see her is when you're fightin'. Now, look. If you ain't got too much, maybe I can get you five to six."

"My money's all down," said Leo. "Well, I'll be shoving off."

"Good luck, Leo. I'll be there. We'll all be there. Your ma don't go, does she? I ast her. She calls up the newspaper."

"Yeah," said Leo. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

He went swinging out into the street and up along Myrtle Avenue a block or two. He was trying to do something he wasn't made to do; he was trying to think. And it had a peculiar effect upon him.

There aren't many taxicabs in that region but he got one. "Drive me to the St. John," he said.

He alighted and swaggered into the lobby. "Johnny Shourak," he said.

"Yes, sir; 235, 6 and 7."

"What's he got—the bridal suite? I'm Leo Brady. Send my name up."

Almost immediately Shourak's manager, Wally Martin, came rushing down.

"Hello, Leo," he said, and glanced nervously about the foyer. "What's on your mind? Come on; let's take a stroll."

"What's the big idea?" said Leo, who was being rushed out into a quiet street and didn't like it.

"What's the idea, coming around here, dumb-bell? Why didn't you meet me somewhere? Go ahead Spill it."

"Why, it's like this. It's all off, Wally. The dive is out. Get me?"

"Oh, yeah?" said Wally.

"Yeah."

"How come, Leo?"

"I want the champ myself," said Leo.

Wally threw away his cigar. "Now listen, Leo," he said.

"I ain't listening. I'm telling you. You go tell your Polack."

"What's this, a hold-up? You want more jack?"

"Nah! It's off! I couldn't make it look good with that bum of yours."

"Tell the Polack, huh? I'll do better than that for you, Leo. I'll tell Louis Martone."

"Agh! Tell him. Tell anybody. Tell them I'm gonna kill your Polack. I am."

"Yeah?" said Wally. "Yeah?"

Back at his own hotel Leo broke the news to Jimmy Dunleavy.

"I seen Shourak," he said.

"You what?" said Dunleavy.

"I seen Shourak. I had a argument with him. I ain't takin' no dive for that bum. I'm gonna kill him."

Dunleavy pushed his face close to Leo's. "Who give you the liquor?" he said.

"I ain't had no liquor."

"What are you doing, taking it in the arm? Leo! Every nickel we got is on this fight."

"Get some more. You got lots of time. Borry it. You're the manager. Borry it, and copper."

"Listen, Leo. Louis Martone is in on this. It's Martone's scratch. You want trouble with that guy? He'll get the both of us."

"Call up Martone. Call up Georgie Somerset. Tell 'em anything you like. But I'm gonna knock that Polack's block off."

"WHAT'S the dope on this, Leo? Kid, what is it?"

"I—it's— It's a personal matter. There's a dame in it. See?"

"A dame! A dame! You and your dames! This guy Martone don't fool, Leo. You welch on this and you're done. He'll fill you full of slugs; maybe he'll get you sent up for something; maybe he'll get you suspended. He'll queer you some way. He's one bad guy."

"Call him up. Tell him it's all on me. Tell him this is one time he don't bet on something that's in the bag. This fight is on the up-and-up. Tell him to copper or take it and like it."

"O. K., Leo," said Dunleavy at last. "I'll see what I can do."

The gong sounded, and the fight began.

In the first clinch, Leo spoke to Shourak. "You got to fight, Polack," he said. For answer the Polack jolted him in the ribs.

(Continued on page 46)

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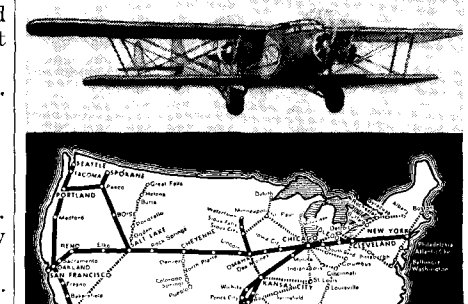

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(Continued from page 45)

He tried him again when he got Shourak in a corner. "I ain't takin' no dive," he said. "Get that." Shourak's eyes blazed; he jumped at Leo, and fought him out of the corner, and across the ring. "I'll dive you. I'll dive you," he said. Maybe he thought Leo was calling him a diver.

Shourak was very strong. Leo found that out right away. He was strong and he could take it, and he could hand it out, too. The first round was fairly even.

Leo kept away from him in the second.

"I wisht I'd'a trained for this guy," he said to himself. "He's gonna be plenty tough."

Just before the bell Shourak hit Leo with a right. It was a little high but it hurt him.

In the third, Leo came out rushing. So did Shourak. That was just the way Leo shouldn't have fought him. That right hadn't done him any good. Anyhow, maybe he knew that he couldn't wear the Polack down, that he had to go in there and make his bid.

He hit Shourak with a left and swung right and left, and landed every time.

Then he heard somebody saying "Four," from a great distance, and "Five."

He didn't stay down. He got up and tore in. He wasn't trying to clinch. He was trying to kill him.

"Six," he heard, and saw a gray arm swinging like a scythe. "Seven." This time he waited for nine to come. He covered up, he tried to jump around, he ran in, trying to find the shelter of Shourak's loving arms. Shourak wouldn't be held.

Leo's left eye was closed tight; his mouth was bleeding. He was dizzy with blows. At the ringside they were yelling, "Stop the fight." In the stands they were yelling, "Come on, Polack! Kill that bum." That bum was Leo.

He shook his head; he felt the rasp of the ropes on his skin, he tried to roll with the blows. Come on, Leo, he was saying to himself. Stick that left out, stick it out. Ain't much more of this round.

He tried to come off the ropes, to jump in. Shourak was waiting for him.

Leo didn't hear anything.

Before he left the ring, Shourak ran over to Leo's corner. Leo was still lying back, his arms over the ropes on each side. They were working on him.

"You O. K., Leo?" said Shourak, and bent close to him.

"Yeah," said Leo, and tried to grin.

His handlers helped him to his feet. "O. K., now, Leo," said Dunleavy. "O. K., now. Come on, kid." Leo walked out through the long aisles, one of his handlers on each side of him. Every few steps, he'd raise his hands above his head and shake them.

DOWN in his dressing-room, Jimmy Dunleavy grinned at him. "That's one fight I'm glad to lose," he said.

"Get him again. Get him again for me."

"Sure. You know what? I figure you had a brain storm. Wha'd he do, Leo? What made you so sore at him? Lord, that third round! Boy, you didn't show any savvy at all. It looked like you were trying to murder each other. After that third knock-down—"

"What third knock-down? Oh. The knock-out."

"No. The third one. You know, you got up at nine. Then he knocked you down for a count of five."

"I don't remember that."

"You could have stayed down, any time. Nobody'd have blamed you. What made you so sore at him?"

"My old lady had a bet down," said Leo.

"He ain't snapped out of it, yet," said Dunleavy to one of the seconds. "Work on him some more, Mike."

Leo spent the night at Dunleavy's hotel. Dunleavy let him sleep late into the next afternoon.

"Listen, Leo. I'll drive you to Fleischmann's, huh?" he said, when Leo appeared.

"No. I'm going home. Drive me to my corner, Jim."

"I'll drive you up to the door."

"No. Just up to the corner. I'd rather walk in. You got any jack, Jimmy?"

"Sure. Plenty."

"Did you copper those bets?"

"No, Leo. It was dead lucky. We're O. K. How much you want? A couple of yards?"

"How much is two-thirty-five at five to seven, Jimmy?"

"Let's see. Seven into two thirty-five goes— About a hundred and seventy bucks."

"Then give me four hundred, will you?"

"What you want all that for?"

"I want to hit a crap game."

"I thought you were going home."

"Well, I'm going home for a while."

HE WAS driven to his corner; he went quickly up the street and rang the bell. His mother met him. She looked at him and quickly away again. Her mouth trembled and straightened itself in a firm line.

"Well. Not so good," he said.

"Come in. Come in. There's nobody here. The girls are out. Tessie's at Rockaway and Anne just ran around to Josie's. She said to tell you, if you came, that she'd be back."

"Uh-huh." He settled heavily in a chair. "You hear about it?"

"Yes," she said.

They were silent. She was rocking, vigorously, over a squeaky board. Suddenly she began:

"When you came in here day before yesterday there was liquor on you. I smelled it. You didn't take care of yourself for—for this. I know it. I know it."

"Oh, give us a rest, mom," he said.

"You didn't train for him. I know you didn't."

"I didn't train for him, no. I thought he was a push-over."

"Hagh. I knew it."

Silence again, except for the creaking rocking-chair.

"Now, Leo. There's something you're going to do. After you sit there a while I want you to go out with me. I want you to go down to the Greek's with me, and buy a paper, or something. And I want you to go past the fire-house."

"What's the idea?"

"I want them to see you. I want them to get a look at you. You—your face—you've done—you've done your best. I'd like to hear anyone say you didn't."

"Who— Who says I didn't? It's a lie."

"Some of them are saying it. They're saying you faked this fight. At the Bulletin—ur—"

"What are they saying at the Bulletin?"

"At the bulletin board they were saying it. Then, after that third round, no. But that's the kind of story that's hard to down. So we'll down it for this neighborhood. You're no faker. Come on. Get your hat. We'll walk through this neighborhood, every foot of it. I've kept my head up for forty-seven years. I never thought I'd walk along these streets with a bruiser with a black eye. But there's worse things than that, but they're not for the likes of us. Come on."

"I—I did not fake this fight, mom. I done my best."

"Do you think you're telling me? Agh! But you didn't take care of yourself before. That's where you done wrong. A dirty, filthy business it is you're in. But you'll never turn your back on your friends. You wouldn't know how. There's bets on you all over this neighborhood whenever you fight. Them firemen, they're all bettin' on you. You've got to show yourself to them. And I'm goin' with you."

"Mom, I got four hundred bucks here. It's—it's a piece of the purse. Jimmy give me it. Here. Take it."

"Hagh," she said, "it'll come in very handy. It'll pay for Josie's baby. Little good can come from such money. Are you ready? I'll get my hat."

THEY walked slowly through the dusk. The people were sitting out on the stoops; the corners were crowded with young men. She talked easily to her son, laughing, for once, and looking up at him and clinging to his arm as gay as a young girl going to a ball. She'd bow politely to her neighbors who gaped after them. And he said to her, "Mom, whatcha do with that two hundred I give you yesterday?" She stiffened suddenly. "I had uses for it," she said, and Leo laughed and winked at her out of his good eye, and pressed her arm close to him.

"Pardon me! May I come in and play out my shot?"

Carl Anderson

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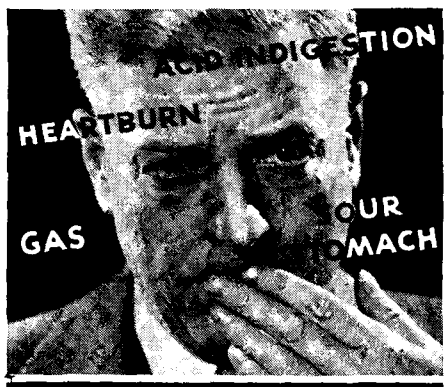

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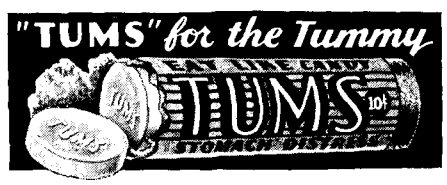

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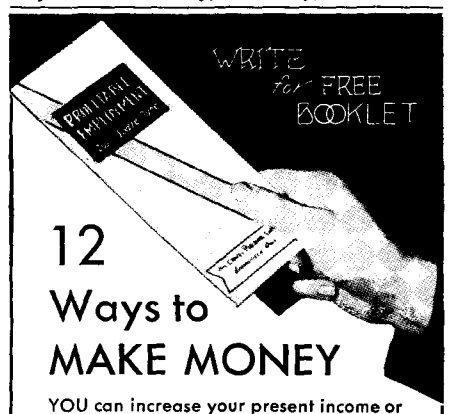

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Something for Nothing

Continued from page 15

and make good my promise. I am going to be generous. My firm can afford it. I will now present to each of you holding a watch a rolled gold wedding ring.'

"I then distribute the rings, saying: 'In closing I want to say to all you good people that I will be down in Lincoln Square, across from the post office, tonight at 7 o'clock sharp, fully prepared to continue this advertising sale. Go home. Tell your good fortune to your friends. Bring them to my sale tonight.'

"My car and my partner are waiting for me, near by on the main stem. I fold my tripes and keister, and before my customers have done any tall thinking I am on my way to the next stand."

Inside Stuff

The jam auction which now operates in cities all over the country is built on the same principle, except that the auctioneers do not seem to feel any need for getting into their automobiles and decamping after they have fleeced the crowd. Instead, they continue to go on doing business at the same stand year after year, robbing innocent but foolish buyers of millions of dollars. I am fortunate to be able to describe their racket in the words of one of their number. These gentlemen in New York City have an organization. It was strong enough at one time to defeat proposed legislation to regulate them. It is busy, impudent, unscrupulous. This story comes from a member of it:

"The jam auctioneer does business in a rented store instead of on the street like the old pitchmen. He rents a store, usually from month to month. He fills it full of cheap antiques, porcelain, tapestries, china and jewelry. He puts up signs about 'selling out' or 'bankruptcy stock' and goes to work. There are always three or four auctioneers who take turns at the spieling and, of course, several cappers, boosters or shills.

"The first thing when the sale starts is to get the crowd inside the store off the sidewalk. I mount the block near the door and talk very loud. I have a package in my hands with a three-piece carving set which cost seventy-five cents. It is wrapped up. The contents are not revealed. I keep crying: 'Who'll take a chance and bid five cents on this package, sight unseen? It has $7.50 worth of merchandise in it.' Two or three cappers pause and listen outside. Several passers-by join them. The crowd grows a little larger.

"'Come inside, please,' I ask and the cappers move in and the crowd with them—just inside the doorway. I keep talking about this mysterious package with $7.50 worth of merchandise in it. I get bids up to $1.50, and sell it.

"'All right,' I now announce. 'Just step back to the rear of the store and let us see what this gentleman got for his money.'

"I walk back and the crowd follows, led by its curiosity. I now have my crowd well in the store and it quickly grows by additions of the curious from outside. I now go to work on them.

"'Friends,' I announce, 'I am going to give away for the small sum of a dime ten beautiful souvenirs. Now, friends, here is a pair of opera glasses worth five dollars (really worth fifty cents). Who will give me ten cents for this?'

"A dozen hands go up.

"'Of course, I can't give these glasses to a dozen people. I can only give them to one. I tell you what I'll do. I'll give them to the highest bidder. Go ahead and bid as much as you think they're worth. It won't cost you more than a dime. I want them to go to the man who values them most highly. All right, one dollar, two dollars, two and a half, three dollars. Sold to the gentleman for three dollars. Now, sir, have you got three dollars in your pocket? Very good. Do you think this is worth three dollars? You do. Are you willing to pay three dollars for it? You are. Very well, sir, just step to the back of the store and the clerk will wrap it up for you. And never mind the three dollars. Just pay him a dime. I said I would sell it for a dime to the man who valued it most. And if you don't think it worth a dime, give him a nickel.

"'Now, then, who will give a dime for this beautiful beaded bag worth not less than $25? No, friends, I can't give it to fifteen people, only one. All right, we'll see who thinks most of it. Go ahead and bid. Good—one dollar, two, three, four, five. Sold to the gentleman here for five dollars. Have you got five dollars, sir? Let us see it. Very good. Now hand it up here. Thank you for trusting me with five dollars. You think this bag worth five dollars? You are willing to pay five dollars? All right, sir, here is the bag and here is your five dollars. Just step to the rear and hand the clerk a dime.'

"I repeat this several times. Then I take a package wrapped and undisclosed.

"'Here is a very handsome fountain pen and pencil set worth $12.50. Now we'll see who really wants this.' I get bids up to five dollars. 'Now, sir, you are willing to pay five dollars for this? Good. Have you got five dollars? You have. Hand it up to me for a moment. Thank you, sir. Now then, this box is yours. I will call it Number One. I hand it to you. And please hold this five-dollar bill with it. Thank you. Hold it up so these cheap skates around here can see it. All right, gentlemen, who else is willing to take a chance on one of these packages? Very good, thank you, sir. Here, hold this package and just hold your five dollars with it. Now how many more? I want to see if I am talking to a busted crowd.'

Giving Money Away

"Hands go up everywhere. I tell them to hold their hands up while I count. I pretend to count forty. Then I tell them to hand up their five-dollar bills. They do, supposing they are going to get the packages for ten cents. I count the five-dollar bills. There are thirty-seven. 'That's funny,' I declare, 'I counted forty and here are only thirty-seven bills. Well, hand me some of those watches. Let me see if I can smoke them out. Who will give me ten cents for this?' I take bids and run them up to ten dollars. I take the ten-dollar bill and get perhaps ten more to hand up ten-dollar bills on the watches which they think they will get for a dime. Then to the first man who bid a dime I say: 'If I keep this ten-dollar bill and give you the watch you will be perfectly satisfied? You will. You never saw me before, you are not my confederate. You say you are satisfied? Very good. Well, you may be satisfied, but I am not. Here is your watch. And here is a knife and a chain as a souvenir.'

"I do this with each one. I then question the people who bid on the fountain pens. I ask each one if he is satisfied. He answers yes. They all think it a

(Continued on page 48)

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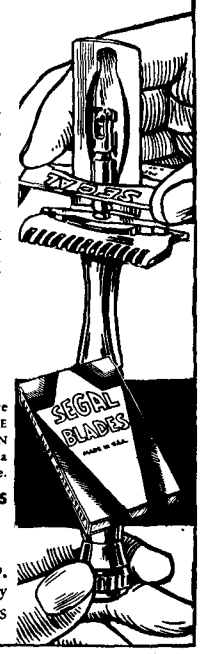

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(Continued from page 47)

little comedy sketch. I reply, 'You may be satisfied but I am *not*,' and I hand each pen bidder a small razor worth about ten cents.

"'Now,' I cry now, 'you all have your merchandise and you are satisfied.' Then I hand all the money to the boss, who stands beside me. 'This money goes to the Salvation Army. The boss is Salvation and I am the Army!' This gives them a laugh. There is a little pause. 'One minute, friends. A lot of people put up dimes for these ten packages with which we started. Here are the packages. I hand each man his package (just a few needles). Now I want every man to have his dime back.' I start handing out the dimes—just ten of them.

And this brings the show to a close with me giving away money, which is just the right note. The purchasers are a little dazed, but no one says anything. I tell them not to get hurt on the way out and to be sure to tell their friends about the generous sales going on and that there will be an intermission for a few minutes. One auctioneer swings wide the door, the crowd files out and I bid them a cordial good-by."

Pitchmen's Profits

These stores try to give their customers the idea that they are filled with bankrupt stock, distress merchandise which can be sold at low prices. They have been helped along by various attacks on them—attacks which charge them with being agencies for disposing of merchandise in fake bankruptcies. Such attacks only serve to give currency to the belief that they can sell cheaply.

As a matter of fact, these auction-rooms sell no distress merchandise nor bankruptcy merchandise. Everything sold is manufactured for the purpose of being disposed of in this way. Watches marked with names of famous watchmakers are offered, but they are falsely stamped. Sometimes cheap, worthless movements are put into genuinely stamped cases. Some concerns make a specialty of selling boxes to them with prices plainly marked, as well as trade names designed to deceive. You may buy a pen marked with a name known to everyone who writes. You get the pen and a pencil all for $1.50. You may be getting a product made especially for that trade which costs no more than seven cents for the pen and five cents for the pencil. The street pitchman sells it for a quarter and throws in a pair of cuff buttons. The auction pitchman sells it for a dollar or a dollar and a half. Pearls are bought for two or three dollars a gross. Wrist watches that cost three dollars and which ought to sell for no more than five dollars are put in boxes marked $45 and sold for $15.

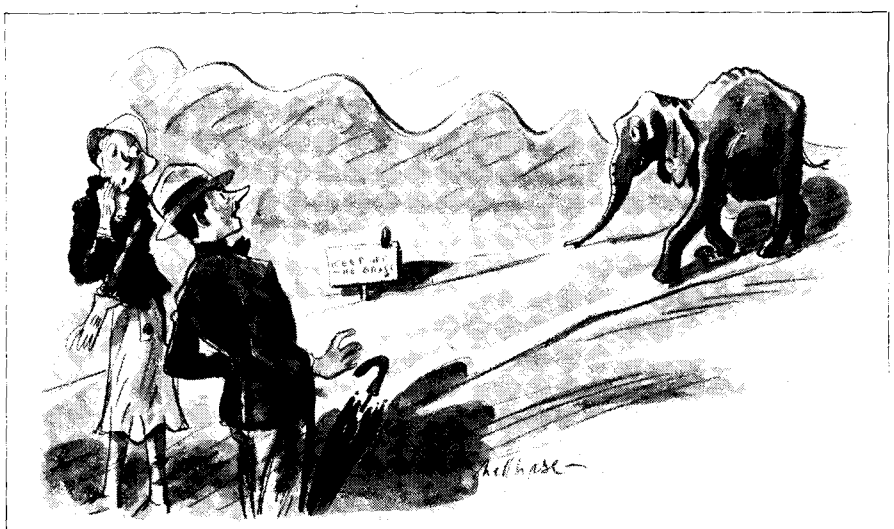
Merchants' associations and city authorities fight the fellows. But the gullibility of the public seems to be inexhaustible. Ordinances have been passed to deal with them but apparently without effect. In the end the best weapon against them is publicity—incessantly calling attention to them, warning the public against them, so that people will know that the man who buys from them is certain to be swindled.

These auctioneers are the big business men of the pitchman's profession, but they are by no means as colorful and interesting as the common or garden variety—the boys who pitch their tentless bazaars on any sidewalk or at a town fair and who for the small sum of twenty-five cents will sell you five cents' worth of merchandise and twenty cents' worth of talk.

These pitchmen are, for the most part, not just casuals on the uncharted seas. They are a tribe. They make up a little world of their own, like the circus, burlesque and street carnival people. In fact, they frequently meander over into these odd worlds. They work according to a formula and an art which has been developed over many years. The pitchman must know his "spiel." If he is a beginner he can get the inside dope from Mr. William Duke, of Three Rivers, Michigan, who will send him for thirty-five cents the Spiel Book for Pitchmen or the Soap Spiel or the Liniment Spiel, the Tonic Spiel or the Herb Spiel for a quarter.

Pitchmen, like actors, love to draw the long bow when telling of their profits. The favorite pastime when a number gather in a side-street hotel lobby in a little town at night is to sit around and tell the brave stories of how they "skinned 'em," meaning the public, and of the famous fakers and grifters of these and other days who made and threw away fortunes. It is estimated by some that there are at least six thousand men working the sidewalks of Greater New York and that they collect from thirty to forty million dollars a year from the passers-by. If we include the jam auctions this is probably true. In the country as a whole, there are probably 40,000 men working the sidewalks and circuses and carnival shows and factories and auction-rooms with high pitch and low pitch and gathering from our open-walleted and unthinking population perhaps a hundred and fifty million dollars a year.

It is a lot of money to spend on knives that won't cut, polish that won't shine, spot-remover that doesn't remove spots, razors that won't shave, perfume that is all water and glass cutters we don't need.



"He's following us—you *will* make a big fuss over animals!"

George Shellhase

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Women Are Never Satisfied

Continued from page 22

and run in place. Raise the knees as high as possible and come down lightly on the toes. Repeat ten times, counting each time the left foot returns to the floor.

6. Stand erect with hands on hips and feet together. Now jump upward, spreading the legs apart sidewise, then jump up and bring the legs together again. Jump as high as possible each time and come down lightly on the toes. Repeat ten times.

7. Stand erect, hands on hips, the right leg a full stride ahead of the left, jump upward, bringing the right leg back and the left forward, then jump again, reversing the position. If this is awkward at the start you can aid yourself by supporting yourself by the hands against a table or chair until you have acquired the proper rhythm. You should keep going continuously, no pauses between jumps.

8. Get down on all fours with the weight of the body mostly on the hands and feet slightly apart. Keeping the hands braced against the floor, jump with the feet, spreading the legs apart, jump again and bring them together. Jump high, spread the legs as far as possible, coming down lightly on the toes.

9. From the same starting position as No. 8, jump, bringing the right knee up under the chest, with the left stretched backward. Jump again, bringing the left knee forward and the right leg back. Alternate continuously for ten counts, counting each time the right knee is forward.

10. From the same starting position as No. 8, jump, bringing both feet forward as far as possible and then jump, bringing them straight backward.

With faithful work, these exercises should bring noticeable results in two weeks, and improvement should be even more rapid thereafter.

The exercises given at the end of this article, while suggested for the use of everyone, are typical of those needed to tone up the entire muscular system, especially the muscles of the abdominal organs. They are ideal for the underweight woman and should be performed faithfully for at least ten or fifteen minutes each day.

Protection from the Babe

Unquestionably, the great majority of women attend a gymnasium to bring about some change in outward appearance. Mrs. Ruth, petite wife of the illustrious "Babe," is an exception. She is not particularly interested in making herself over, for she follows an almost ideal routine of exercise and diet and is a shining example for her famous husband. The Babe, eternal playboy that he is, has a habit of "smacking" anyone within reach, and he never seems to realize that his enormous strength may at times change an exuberant "smack" into a resounding "sock!" Mrs. Ruth, in all seriousness, asked me to give her a few pointers in boxing so that she might, with some degree of skill, protect herself from her big husband's playful antics! It was serious with her, perhaps, but to me it is probably the most amusing request I have ever received from a woman patron. She is quite skillful with the gloves nowadays, and I am hard put to it to explain to the Sultan of Swat that I had no intention of double-crossing him when I put his wife in training!

Postural difficulties are more common among business women than in any other group, but they are readily overcome by corrective exercise.

In addition to exercise for postural defects, the business woman should make every effort to get out of doors for at least half an hour every day.

There is no doubt that women and girls should exercise to some extent to keep the circulation active, the muscles well toned, weight at normal, strength and resistance up to par. However, the woman who wishes for recreational purposes to indulge in some form of sports must, if she values her health, use discretion. Women are so constructed that they require, and can take with safety, far less exercise than men. Women's muscles are light and supple and they are, therefore, more easily kept in tone, and a too active participation in strenuous sports will often cause irreparable harm.

Keeping in Tone

The exercises given below are examples of the type that should be performed for ten or fifteen minutes every morning. They will keep the entire muscular system in tone and can be done easily in your own room.

1. Lie flat on your back with arms extended straight beyond the head, raise the left leg and the right arm at right angles to the body, then swing back to starting position.

2. Repeat Exercise No. 1, swinging the right leg and the left arm.

3. This exercise may be somewhat difficult at first, but once the correct rhythm has been established it is simple. Lie flat on your back with hands extended straight beyond the head. Now, raise both arms and legs to right angles with the body and swing arms and legs alternately. Right arm and right leg, and left arm and left leg follow one another in this exercise, rather than in opposite motions as in No. 1 and No. 2. Keep arms and legs swinging at a good speed, but do not allow either the hands or the feet to touch the floor until the count has been completed. This exercise is a splendid teacher of coördination and is most efficient for working all the muscles of the abdomen and chest.

4. Lie flat on your back, the arms at the sides, feet spread slightly apart. Raise the left leg and the right arm and swing them in a circle straight up over the body. Do not let the arm or leg touch the floor until the count has been completed.

5. Repeat No. 4, circling the right leg and the left arm.

6. In the same position raise both arms and both legs and swing them in a circle up and away from each other.

7. Lie flat on your back, place the hands under the hips for support, raise both legs and circle them together to the left.

8. Repeat No. 7, circling both legs together to the right.

9. Turn over on the right side and swing the left arm and left leg forward and back. Keep arms and legs stiff.

10. In same position, raise the left arm and left leg sidewise away from the body.

11 and 12. Turn over on the left side and repeat the movements in No. 9 and No. 10, using the right arm and right leg.

All of these exercises can be performed to a count of six for the first week, adding two counts each succeeding week until you are able to do them fifteen times without any strain or effort. These movements are all designed to strengthen the entire muscular system, to develop coördination and build up reserve energy and resistance.

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY ARE
THE I. C. S. STUDENTS OF YESTERDAY

JAMES A. WORSHAM, author of "Low-Pressure Selling," is Manager of Sales in the western half of the United States and most of Canada, for the Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation of Bloomington, Illinois. An advocate and beneficiary of spare-time study, he makes this pertinent suggestion to men eager to move ahead:

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As an editor's note on a recent article entitled "Better Salesmanship Through Spare-time Study," by Mr. Worsham, *Progress* Magazine said:

"Born at Seventy Six, Perry County, Missouri, on the Mississippi, near the Ozarks, 44 years ago, the son of a Presbyterian minister. Finishing high school, began work in a general merchandise store — combination store, steamboat landing and post-office at Seventy Six. Worked here three years; then, because of spare-time study in stenography and typewriting, secured position with coal mining company, Birmingham, Ala. Here, took up correspondence course (I. C. S.) in Coal Mining Engineering. Followed this with study of bookkeeping, accounting, auditing, and commercial law; then business administration, salesmanship and advertising. As a result of such study, during ten years, he rose from humble position to General Manager of the coal company. From his study of advertising, learned the art of magazine writing; has been for 15 years a frequent contributor to all kinds and classes of magazines, including *The Saturday Evening Post, Printers' Ink, Printed Salesmanship,* and *Sales Management.* He is the author of 'Low-Pressure Selling,' a book on modern salesmanship which is having a wide sale in this country, also in England, where it is one of the 'best sellers.' In England it is published by the internationally known Herbert N. Casson, advertising authority and publisher of *The Efficiency Magazine.*

"On leaving the mining company, Mr. Worsham entered the manufacturing business on his own responsibility; was engaged for 10 years in the manufacture of elevator machinery, foundry equipment, light hardware, toys, etc. The designing of these, as well as the advertising and merchandising, was under his direct management; he also has several patents to his credit in the patent office. Since selling out this business, Mr. Worsham has been for five years Sectional Sales Manager for the Williams Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation, Bloomington, Ill., the million-dollar company, manufacturers of oil heating and electric refrigerating equipment. He has charge of the sales in the western half of the United States and most of Canada. Mr. Worsham is a public speaker, much in demand before dinner clubs, Rotary, Kiwanis, Salesmanagers, Executives clubs, national conventions and sales gatherings. He was one of the Four-Minute Men during the War. He is consulted by many types of business firms on advertising, selling and merchandising problems."

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* — WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* — CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Modern São Paulo, top, cosmopolitan Montevideo, center, and bustling Mollendo, in Peru, typify the new order in South America

A New El Dorado

THE Ottawa Conference is of the utmost importance to the United States.

The mere fact that statesmen from England, South Africa, India, Australia and communities on the other side of the world gathered next door to consider keeping their business within the family is in itself of unusual significance. Especially so since the British Empire has long been our most important foreign market.

In the days when we had only raw materials and food products to sell we sent the surplus principally to the European continent and Great Britain. We bought from them in return manufactured goods.

But today ours is a great manufacturing country. With few exceptions, we buy raw materials and sell finished products. Therefore to trade with the European countries we must compete with them on their own ground.

The enormous population of Soviet Russia offers a virgin market for the manufactures of other nations. But for us there are unusual obstacles to successful trade with Russia.

Even if these obstacles are only temporary, it is well to remember that Germany is one of Russia's closest neighbors. Germany can use in abundance the raw materials which Russia possesses, and she can furnish in exchange the finished materials so much needed in Russia. They complement each other.

China is also a land of great potentialities. But close by is Japan, another powerful manufacturing country sorely in need of markets.

India has millions of people and a wealth of raw materials, but India is of the British Empire.

The continent of Africa, aside from its barren Sahara, was long ago divided up and parceled out to a few European countries.

The only other large area with an abundance of raw products and a large population is Latin America. Here is a world in itself, two thirds of our hemisphere. It is already the home of over a hundred million people, whose numbers are increasing, especially in that portion known as South America.

© *Publishers Photo Service*

Fabulous is the only word that expresses the wealth of these twenty republics. They constitute a new El Dorado. Stretching from the North Temperate to the Antarctic regions, they run the gamut of climates. No other group of nations approaches them in variety or even quantity of riches. They possess in staggering amounts copper and silver, tin and iron, nitrates and oil. They produce lumber and fruits, cattle and sheep, coffee and sugar, wheat and corn enough to supply half the universe.

Our holdings in these countries are already large, in fact larger than in all Europe. Our long-term investments in the twenty republics amount to more than $5,350,000,000. Our long-term investments in Europe are approximately $4,900,000,000.

Commerce with the Latin American republics has assumed impressive proportions. Since 1900 it has grown amazingly. In 1900 we sold them less than $125,000,000 worth of goods; in 1929 a billion dollars' worth.

These southern republics are the natural and logical field for United States trade and investments in the future. With very few exceptions they produce what we need and need what we produce. For us they are the only free field left.

Corn Borer Statesmen

SOME years ago an energetic insect, the European corn borer, was unwittingly admitted as an immigrant to this country. The borer liked the land, and very busily it has increased and multiplied and has become thoroughly Americanized.

The Federal and state governments have been trying in various ways to rout the corn borer. One method has been the establishment of a Federal quarantine to prevent the transportation of the borer into new areas.

This year the quarantine has been lifted. Congressional economy took away the necessary appropriation.

Ordinarily the borer has advanced its front twenty miles despite the quarantine and other precautions. This year Department of Agriculture experts think that the borer will spread at least 500 miles forward.

The sum involved was not huge. Congress reduced the quarantine appropriation from $795,000 to $295,000—a mere half-million saved. Obviously, if the corn borer does fulfill the gloomy expectations of the experts this bit of economy will have proved very costly to the nation.

There is no question of the fact that governmental costs, national, state and local, must be drastically reduced. It is equally true it is worse than folly to suspend productive governmental services. Useless or overpaid political jobs provide room enough for wholesale savings.

The corn borer promises to give Congress and the nation a useful lesson in how expensive thoughtless government can be.

Time, the Great Readjuster

"I AM forty-three years old, while my opponent is eighty-five. My breath will last longer than that of my opponent."

So to time rather than to immediate force Adolf Hitler, would-be dictator of Germany, appealed when the superior might of President von Hindenburg made hopeless a Fascist revolution. Necessity makes strange changes.

Insurance actuaries might in truth say, after proper medical examinations, that Hitler's expectation of life was greater than old Hindenburg's, but it does not at all follow that the Nazi chieftain has a greater expectation of power than his venerable adversary.

For time will record more changes than the mere passing of an old man and his middle-aged enemy.

Time also will register new conditions, new opinions, new emotions and new hopes and out of these something very different from anything now visible in Germany will emerge. The incredible Hitler is merely a symptom of the misery of the German people. As Germany recovers, Hitlerism may be remembered only as the delirium accompanying acute suffering.

Time is a great readjuster, but the who appeal to the future must be sure of the righteousness of their cause. In the long run it is the good alone which endures.

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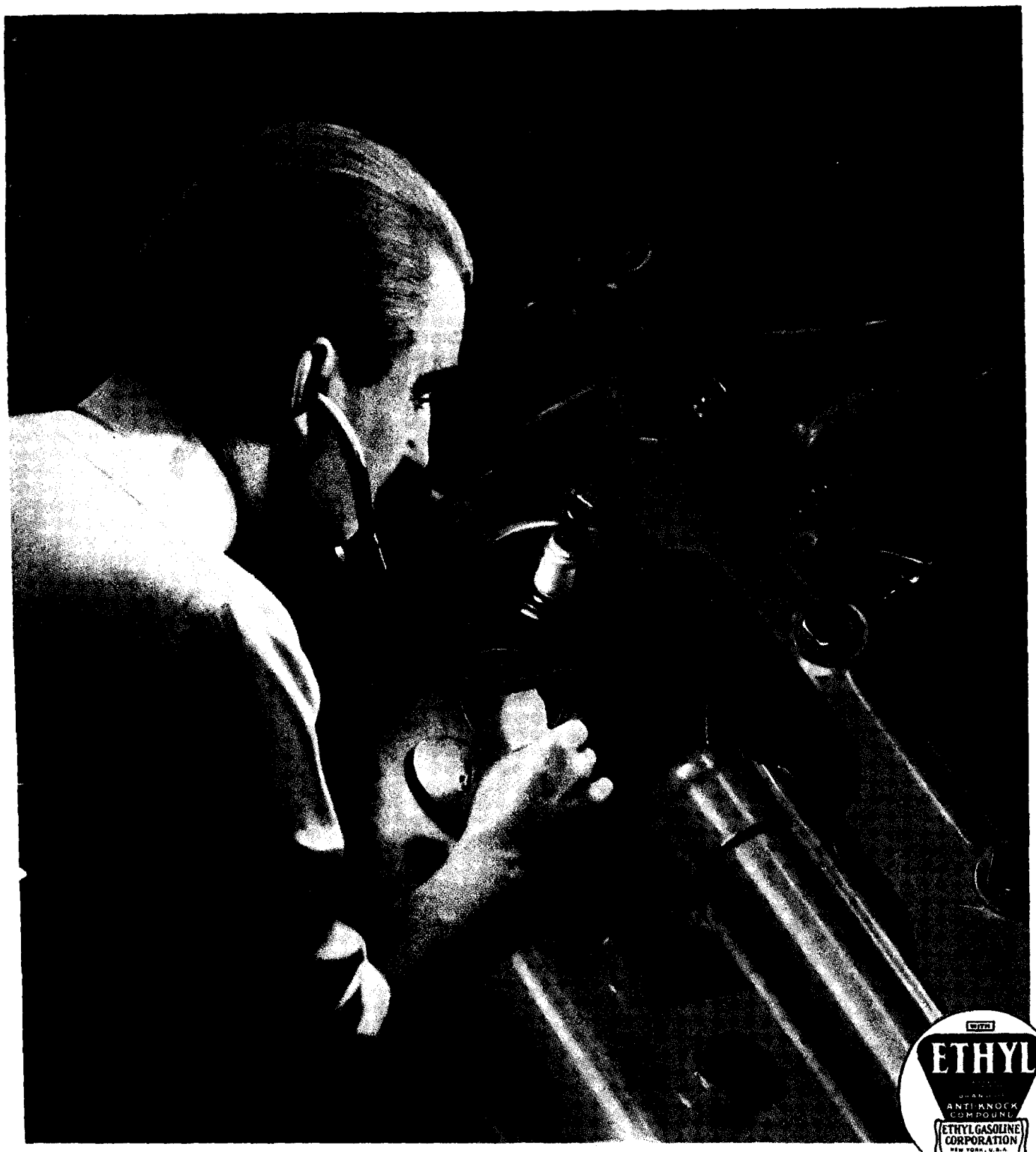
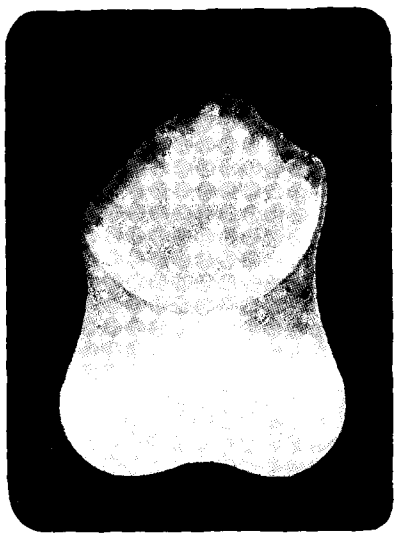
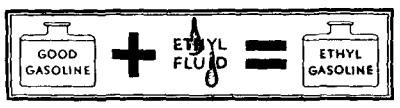


Above you see ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. When partly burned, it exploded—wasting power as harmful heat. Glowing particles of free carbon show as "carbon yellow"—caused by incomplete combustion.



Ethyl Gasoline in the same engine delivers its greater power smoothly—with less waste heat and less strain on the engine. Notice the clean blue color of Ethyl's complete combustion. No harmful knock. No "carbon yellow."



Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932

ETHYL
ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Controls Combustion

Let the piston tell you how Ethyl saves money

YOU DON'T have to be a mechanic to understand the difference between gaso-e that knocks and gasoline that drives your r with full-powered ease.

Listen to the motor *of your own car*. And nember, what sounds like only click-click-ck from the driver's seat would be a violent ock if heard through a stethoscope.

Knock damages engine parts, runs up repair ls, wastes gasoline and oil, overheats the motor and robs you of the fine performance your car should give—*will* give with the right gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline makes any car run at its best for the simple reason that its action is controlled by Ethyl fluid. Its greater power is applied to the pistons SMOOTHLY, with never a knock or a mite of uneven wasted force. That's why Ethyl saves money, and gives better performance at the same time. That's why it is the most economical motor fuel you can buy in the long run.

SEE the difference between ordinary gasoline that knocks and Ethyl Gasoline in the two pictures above. Drive your car today on the gasoline now in the tank and notice its performance closely. Then fill up at a pump that bears the Ethyl emblem and FEEL the difference Ethyl makes! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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Right on the box is a recipe for delici waffles! And if you like buckwheat cal when frosty mornings come, ask your gro for Pillsbury's Buckwheat Pancake Flour.

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